

Silent Worker

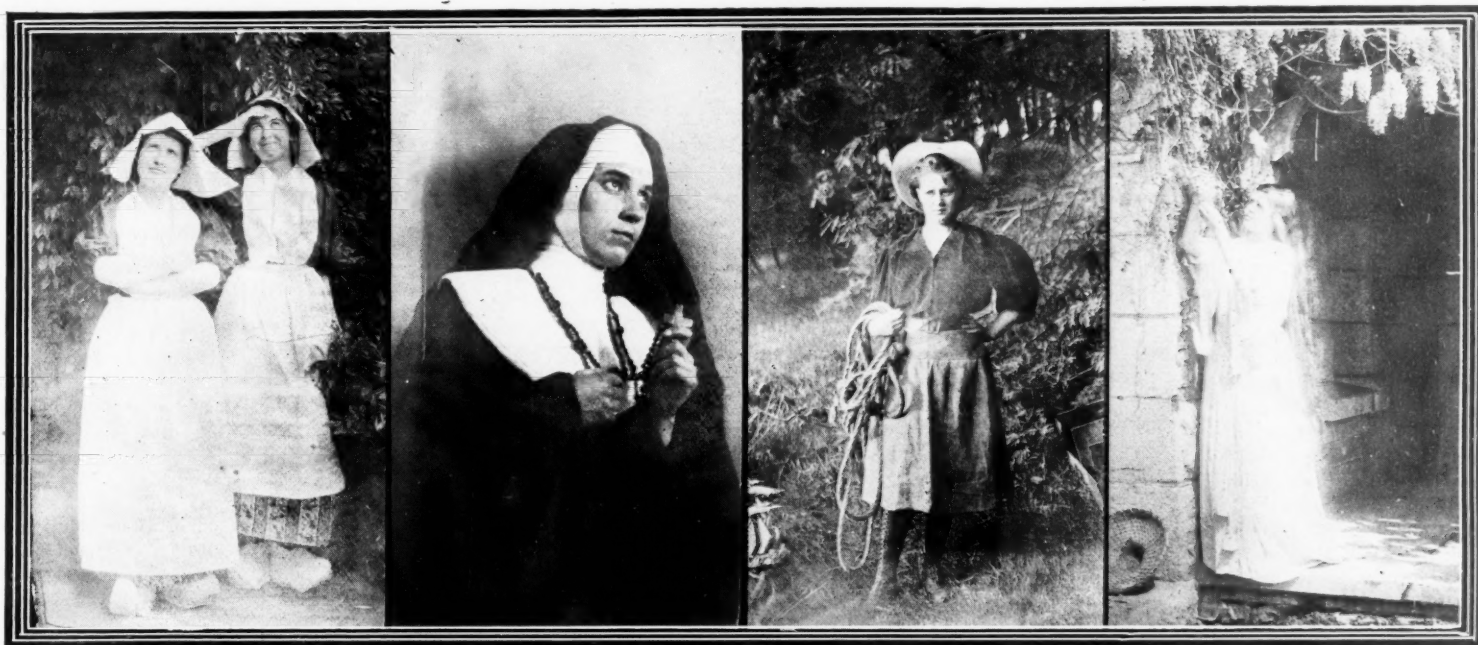
"The foundation of every State is the education of its youth."—Dionysius.

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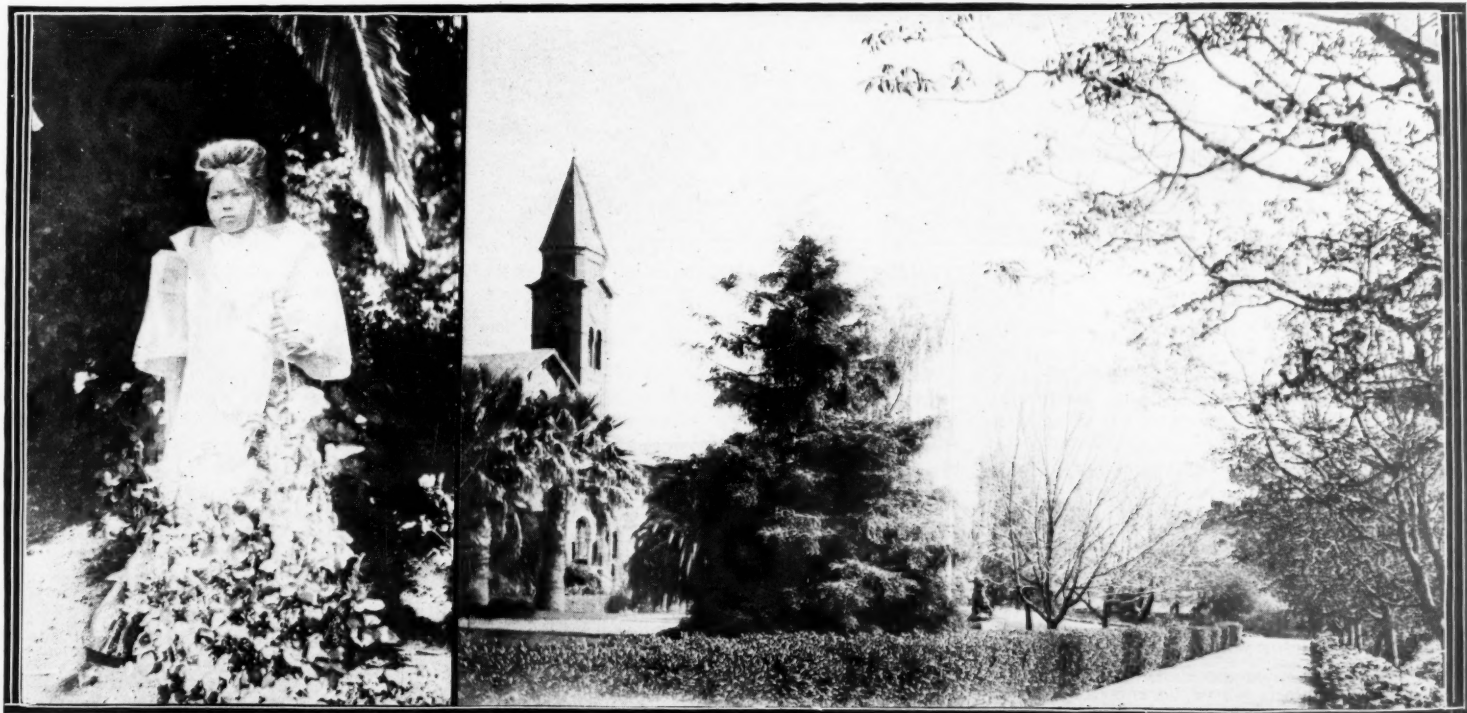
TRENTON, N. J., JUNE, 1914.

5 CENTS A COPY

Beautiful and Unusual Pictures of Pupils in Costume, and Glimpses of Surrounding Scenery at the California School for the Deaf at Berkeley



PUPILS IN COSTUME.



FILIPINO IN COSTUME AT SCHOOL, BERKELEY.

GARDEN AT THE SCHOOL, BERKELEY, CAL. "Odor of shrubbery and wild plants exhilarate us."

FROM THE OLD WORLD

Written Specially for the SILENT WORKER by Mdle. Yvonne Pitrois.

Thirteenth Letter

RENE PRINCETEAU



SOME weeks ago,—a bright afternoon in February, we were visiting the Bordeaux beautiful picture gallery. Among the masterpieces gathered there, I knew, was a painting by a deaf-mute artist,—“Oxen carrying manure,” by Rene Princeteau, and of course, I was searching for this one. Suddenly my eyes met the painting reproduced here,—a richly framed one, of great size, which covers a large space of the wall. But there! This painting was adorned with a crown of flowers covered by a veil of crape! It was in this way that I knew the artist had just died. This crown had been placed, as a funeral tribute to the deceased, by the Council of the Town of Bordeaux.

I felt very sad to realize that one of our best French artists had departed but at the same time, I was proud that this supreme honor had been conferred by the public powers on one of us,—one of these deaf-mutes too often, alas, treated with disdain because of their infirmity!

Rene Princeteau lived in the country in Bordeaux neighborhood, and had not death claimed him, I should probably have soon become personally acquainted with him. For at the time of his call, I was first having a correspondence with him for the purpose of arranging an interview and of writing about him in magazines. Owing to his sudden demise, the wished for meeting never took place, much to my regret. But the details Princeteau furnished me in his most courteous, amiable letters about his life and career allow me to give an account of them to my American readers.

The great painter was born 71 years ago—on July 17th, 1843, in the suburb of Libourne, near Bordeaux, in the castle of Pontus belonging to his family—a rich and wealthy one. He was deaf by birth. His sorrowful mother did her best to have his infirmity cured, and, seeing her efforts were vain, she herself undertook his education. With the most loving care and the most energetic perseverance, she taught the little boy to read and write; to express himself in speech and signs and to read the lips. Later on, he received lessons from the famous instructor of the deaf, Valade Gabel. He was said, however, to have nearly lost in the course of years, the power of speech, and preferred to express his thoughts in the sign-language.

In boyhood, he was placed for sometime in a private boarding school in Bordeaux, and developed his liking for sports of all sorts,—principally riding and gymnastics.

Of artistic temperament, he soon dreamed of becoming a sculptor, and began his studies in modelling with a Bordeaux artist. When he was 22, he went to Paris where he entered the two silver medals for his work in marble. His statues were chiefly inspired by mythology, and had a real value. Yet, by and by, he abandoned the



RENE PRINCETEAU



“OXEN,” AFTER A PAINTING BY RENE PRINCETEAU

boaster for the brush, and gave up sculpture for painting.

He was passionately fond of horses, and all, or nearly all his pictures, at this time, represented the fine, slender features of these noble animals. Horses were his models for work; they were also his hobby, his chief means of relaxation and pleasure. Every morning he went for a long ride in the Bois de Boulogne with hearing or deaf friends. Glorious mornings were these, when the rising sun put its golden touch upon the foliage of the woods, while the passionate joys and endless hopes of youth enlightened the hearts of the promising artists! Among the deaf companions and friends of Princeteau were those who have gained, too, later on a world-wide fame: Felix Martin, Gustave Henneguign, Georges Ferry, and the American Humphrey Moore. It was a select company indeed that rode about the grassy alleys of the park!

At this epoch, Princeteau made several trips,—in Germany, in Holland, Belgium, and England. He managed very well everywhere, though his deficient speech made him mistaken for a German, or, because of his sallow complexion, for an Arabian!

After the Franco-German war, Princeteau exhibited to the Paris “Salon” a great picture: “German soldiers taken by surprise”—or “The ambushade,”—a tragic mingling of men and horses fighting and falling on the bloody snow, that brought a climax to his rising celebrity. From this moment, every painting of him was bought at high prices by amateurs as soon as finished, sometimes before they were begun!

The duke of Aumale, of the French royal family, the owner of the castle of Chantilly, often invited the young deaf artist to the huntings with hounds to which he asked the French aristocracy. Every one of these meetings inspired Rene Princeteau with a new masterpiece, bright-colored, splendidly full of animation and movement. He followed, too, all the horse racings and derbys, and painted numberless incidents of them.

He worked with almost incredible facility and speed,—in a sort of passionate fever. Once, he painted four large panels, each of them several meters high, representing a steeple chase, in the

space of a fortnight! He also helped two famous hearing painters to make panoramic views of battles—painting all the horses of the panels for them—more than 300 in all and each different of attitude, galloping to the front, kicking, rearing, falling wounded or dead amidst the confusion of the fight!

At the same time, the genial deaf artist, welcomed and entertained in the upper circles and most fashionable world, made an equestrian life-size portrait of the Marechal of MacMahon, then President of the Republic, in great uniform; other equestrian portraits of famous officers, noblemen and princes, and a beautiful picture, also equestrian, of Gorge Washington.

This brilliant life, full of society pleasures and artistic success, lasted till 1881. Then, almost suddenly, Rene Princeteau decided to leave Paris and came to settle down in his native place,—the castle of Pontus. He was only 38 at this time,—in full manhood, in full possession of his talent,—and yet, this date separates his life in two quite distinct parts, before, the hopes and promises, the joys and happy possessions of spring and summer; beyond, the calm, quiet, somewhat melancholic and sad pensiveness of autumn and winter.

From the moment of his return to Pontus, Princeteau gave up the painting of lively, smart racing horses; he became the painter of the slow, patient, resigned oxen.

It is a picturesque sight of South-Western France to see, in the wide-open country, big, dumpy oxen, yellow or white, with their eternally bended head and their dull, distressing round eyes,—oxen slowly pulling wagons; oxen plough-

ing the brown and fumous furrows; oxen sticking in the mires; oxen laid in the lonely fields; oxen, after their day of trying labour, heavily returning to the farm and the ox-stall in the declining rays of sunset.

Princeteau has contemplated them in their various attitudes; he has reproduced them with an acute, painful exactness. As much as the pictures of the first part of his life are bright and gay, those of the second part of it are gloomy and sorrowful. His oxen are hopelessly bent under the yoke; his fields are desolate; his skies are dark and cloudy, all in his joyless conception of things and beings seems to exhale a silent distress.

Notice this tendency in the famous picture of the Bordeaux Museum. How tired they are, the oxen carrying their heavy burden! Notice, too, the dog jumping and barking by their side; one can almost hear it! Animals have always been the best friends of the great mute artist. In addition to horses,—the companions of his youth,—and oxen—the comrades of his old age,—he was extremely fond of dogs.

In this photograph, representing him at about the epoch he left Paris, and that he offered to me a short time before his death, he is represented, affectionately holding in his arms his favourite terrier. Indeed for us, deaf people, dogs are better than friends,—they are comforters! Later on, however, Princeteau was so much grieved by the death of several of his dogs, that he gave the remaining ones to some acquaintances and refused to ever have any more of them.

With all his intelligence, his genius, this great man was, in practical questions of life, a real child,—like so many artists, and so many deaf persons too! Absolutely careless for his masterpieces, he sold several of them at a ridiculously low price, and, stronger still, forgot and lost other valuable ones in his removals!

He possessed a tender heart, and was very sensitive. People that have met him about the end of his life described him to me as a thin, frail old man, high-bred, very gentle in his manners, kind and courteous to every one, always ready to be of some use and quite willing, when requested, to introduce visitors in his picture gallery where a good deal of his most beautiful works could be admired.

As I have told, the family of Princeteau was a great one; several members of it belonged to the upper ranks of the French army. A brother of his father was general Princeteau. The husband of his niece is General d'Amade, the conqueror of Morocco. A cousin of his, the Lieutenant aviateur Princeteau, tragically died, some years ago, burned alive in the remains of his aeroplane.

Rene Princeteau himself had never married. He lived with his sister Madame de Ricaumont. The 26th of January, he sat with her at the breakfast table, but could eat nothing. After the meal, he went in the drawing-room, took his place in his usual armchair, and suddenly said quietly to his sister:—"I am dying." Every one was struck, but incredulous, and tried to undeceive him; but he repeated simply:—"I am dying; go and fetch the doctor and a priest; make haste!"

The doctor and the vicar arrived and did their best too, to persuade him that he was not going to die, but he refused to be convinced. He would not go to bed; he wished to remain up and to die in his chair,—like the heroes of ancient times! At last, at midnight, he was carried to his bed, the following day, his anxious family was obliged to admit the truth. He had been right; he was slowly, but surely falling away. Retaining all his faculties, he piously received the last sacraments, bid a tender farewell to his sister, and gently, peacefully, as he had done all things, he glided away unto death.

A great deaf man has gone before, and our silent world is poorer for Rene Princeteau's de-

Types of Children of Deaf Parents



James Malcolm, aged 3 years and 9 months, and Irene Placida, aged 2 years and 5 months, children of Mr. and Mrs. James M. Robertson, Talladega, Alabama. Mrs. Robertson was Miss Irene P. Burrow of St. Louis.

parture. But he has nobly served our cause. His works, his memory, remain among us, and have added to our riches,—to our honour. For my part, I am very sorry that he has not lived long enough to see the sketch of him I had promised him to publish,—he was so delighted with this prospect! My article has become an obituary. But I feel pleased to realize that these pages of mine will contribute to make the name of Rene Princeteau more widely known, admired and loved.

YVONNE PITROIS.

90 rue de Marseille, Bordeaux, France.

I cannot close my letter without adding some words to tell my readers how happy I am to hear that they like my writings so much. From time to time, I receive—in addition to the correspondence of my old and valued American friends,—tokens of appreciation from the Silent Worker subscribers, and these kind messages are precious and dear to me; I feel rewarded for my work to the profit of the New World deaf, since it brings such pleasure and interest to them! I wish to thank here specially Miss Annabelle Kent, for her fascinating book "Round the World in Silence," and for her pretty souvenir from California; Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Long, Mr. J. MacFarlane, Rev. Anwyl (of England) for their beautiful original verses; Walfrid Anderson, for his sending of the "Kansas Star," and Mr. Gibson, for this of the "Frat." Mrs. Hypatia Boyd Reed, my new literary friend, for her sweet letter and valued enclosures; Louis J. Bacheberle, for his useful "Directory of the Deaf" (I wish we had such a one in France!) Rev. Cloud, for his inspiring message and friendly invitation; Geo. S. Porter, Dewitt C. Green, for their lines of appreciation; and last, but not the least, Mrs. Alice Terry, the charming wife of the talented young author, my American "confrere," for the nice little note about my letters, she published in the February issue of the Silent Worker. As an earnest lover of my country, I am glad and touched to know that I have "made France nearer to America," but, as a more earnest lover still of all the deaf—of all times, of all races, of all nations—I am more glad and more touched yet to know that I have made the deaf of France and of the Old World, nearer to the deaf of the

other side of the ocean. Indeed, I feel as if there were no barriers, no frontiers between us;—we are all the same afflicted people; all the silent children of God. And I trust, with a deep thankfulness, that it will be the best work of my life, my mission on earth, to have inclined some other hearts to the universal sympathy and love for the deaf that fill up my own heart.

YVONNE PITROIS.

FAKING DEAFNESS

Reports from all over the country show that the deaf have gotten to work in earnest to put the pretending "deaf mute" out of business. These fakers have been shown up in police courts in nearly every city in the country and yet there are people who will allow themselves to be humbugged and panhandled out of money through sympathy for these "unfortunates," simply because they will not take the trouble to acquaint themselves with the real conditions existing among the deaf. There may be deaf criminals, deaf mendicants, deaf incorrigibles and doubtless are, but they are not such because they are deaf, any more than hearing criminals, mendicants and incorrigibles are such because they hear.

It is a pretty safe plan to turn down every fellow who shoves a begging card to you on which he states that he is deaf and dumb and it is absolutely safe to turn down such a fellow if his card states that he is collecting funds to take him to a school for the deaf, for the reason that such institutions charge no tuition fee, and if one is unable to clothe himself and pay for his transportation to such a school, the town trustee is directed by law to meet such expenses.

The safest and sanest thing to do when accosted by one of these beggars is to call a policeman and have him taken in as a vagrant. If he is really a deaf man he can easily prove it. And hearing people generally will confer a favor upon themselves and their deaf fellow-citizens by following the practice of calling a "cop" instead of going into their pocket in response to these printed appeals for help in the name of charity to an unfortunate deaf man.—*Silent Hoosier.*

There is a school for the deaf at Frederickshaf, Greenland. It was opened last May and is probably the northernmost school of the kind in the world.—*Ex.*

DOING THE THINGS THAT PAY



It may seem hard to some employees to get down early these Winter mornings, and start in on a long day's work. There may be vexations and troubles innumerable, and sometimes, these things blot out the realization of blessings that should make every one happy if he has a job and the health and strength to do his work.

The healthy man, the man who is without physical handicaps is sometimes heard to bemoan his fate, and "knock" the conditions under which he is working. He "forgets to remember" that after all he should wear a perpetual grin on his face and thank his Creator that things are as they are.

John Archie Benolkin, bill clerk for the Winston, Harper, Fisher Company, wholesale grocers, Minneapolis, never heard a sound in his life. He never spoke a word to a friend. He never heard a band play, never listened to the music of children's laughter, nor the soft rustle of leaves in the forest nor the lapping of waves against a shore.

The trouble is, although John doesn't refer to it as trouble, that he was born deaf and dumb, and so far as he knows will have to go through the world that way.

With a Big Concern

Yet this boy (for he is only 24 years old) is holding down a job with one of the largest wholesale concerns in the Northwest, and is glad that he is alive, glad that he has a job and has a keen hope that there are better things in store for him.

Rather makes a fellow feel ashamed of himself if he is sound in body and can talk and hear and has been grunting because everything isn't just the way he wants it, doesn't it?

If John Archie Benolkin hadn't been endowed with a sense of optimism and a feeling that there was a place for himself in the world, he would probably have given up the battle and let it go at that. As it is, he is supporting his mother and making those who come in contact with him happy because of his cheerfulness.

He started to work June 1, 1910. That was after he had completed a course in the Minnesota State School for the Deaf at Faribault, Minnesota.

There are some close friends who John can understand when they talk. He watches the movements of their lips, and is able to tell what they are talking about, but when he "talks" with a stranger, he has to press a pad and pencil into service.

"How long have you been deaf?" he was asked.

"Since I was born," he answered on the pad.

"Do you think that it is harder for you to do your work than the average young man who is not deaf or dumb?"

"Most of the time, I suppose it is, but I am used to it."

Used to it! How many bill clerks, grocery clerks and other employees could say in as cheerful a manner as John wrote, "I am used to it."

Not Sorry for Himself

There is nothing about this young man which gives the impression that he is sorry for himself. Quite the contrary. He is well dressed, well groomed, and gives the impression that he is very happy. When asked what he did for amusements, whether he ever attended theaters, etc., he answered:

"Yes,—I go to parties, socials and dances."

They say that he is a good dancer, yet he never hears a note of the music to which he is dancing. All is silence around him.

No young man with all of his faculties intact could be more business-like, more matter of fact than this young man is. He aspires, but not too greatly. His aim is to do his work well, and

when asked what he hoped to become eventually, he said:

"I prefer correspondence and billing."

Mr. Benolkin is president of the Minneapolis Association for the Deaf and a member of the Minnesota Association for the Deaf. The Minneapolis organization meets every second and fourth Thursday of each month. There are about 50 members.

The young man suggests the following callings for those who like himself are deprived of their hearing: bookkeeping, billing, figuring profits, extra orders, making out statements, figuring interest, etc.

"I know," he wrote, "that some of the deaf can be machinists, but owners of factories do not care to have them because they fear that they will get hurt. I suggest that it is best for the deaf to work in offices where they are safe. They work more steadily, as a matter of fact, than those who



JOHN ARCHIE BENOLKIN

hear, for there is nothing to distract their attention. Personally, I never allow anyone to 'talk' to me during business hours unless it is absolutely necessary."

He likes work during working hours and when it is time for enjoyment, he likes to enjoy himself. He says that he is busy all day, and does not take any special pleasure during those times when he is not at his work or social enjoyments, because he cannot hear.

A Good Fellow

Recently, the employees of Winston, Harper, Fisher Company gave their annual banquet at the Minneapolis Athletic Club. Mr. Benolkin was there and was just as much in the progressive spirit of the affair as any one.

Now, the lesson to be drawn from the life of this young man is that perhaps there is reason for every sound man who has a job and the ability to hold it to be thankful for the blessings that are his.

It pays to be cheerful. It pays to be diligent and courteous. If this deaf and dumb young man had sat down and folded his hands and looked to others for his support, there might have been people who would found excuses for him. He refused to be placed in that class. He took his rank with the men who could hear and talk.

He entered the business world with a high purpose and a desire to compete to the best of his ability with his fellows who could hear and talk.

He refused to allow himself to believe that there was anything the matter with him.

A great deal depends upon the point of view. It often means success or failure. The next time anyone of the thousands of employees, or, if you please, heads of business throughout the great Northwest, fall to bemoaning their fate, let them think of this lad who, with a handicap such a few are required to carry, is working hard, enjoying life, and thanking the Almighty for his blessings.—*The Twin City Commercial Bulletin.*

MRS. COREY AND THE DEAF OF CUBA

Under the auspices of the J. K. Toole Literary Society of the Deaf Department, Mrs. George H. Corey, who is spending the winter with her sister Mrs. H. E. Thompson, gave a most interesting description of life in Cuba and her work there. Mrs. Corey, who is deaf herself, spent several years in Cuba as missionary to the deaf of the island under the auspices of the Baptist Church. Her discourse was delivered in graphic, expressive signs which were eagerly followed and plainly understood by all the children. Mrs. Corey told of her boat trip to Cuba, described Key West, and spoke of the enthusiasm and patriotism showed by the passengers as they passed the last resting place of the Battleship Maine, which was then marked by the projecting tops of its three masts.

Her delineation of Cuban conditions, surroundings and existence was so vivid that one felt as if he had been transported to Cuba and the talks of scenes were visible.

Mrs. Corey found a number of deaf children in Havana and other Cuban towns. They had been taught, and the people had no idea that such a miracle (of such they considered the teaching of the deaf) could be accomplished. Each child thought that he or she was the only deaf person in the world, and were astonished and delighted when they found that Mrs. Corey was afflicted in the same manner. When the deaf children and their parents saw that Mrs. Corey could write and read and converse in that manner they were astounded. The children begged to be taught and the parents insisted that she instruct them. This she was glad to do and founded the first school for the deaf in the island.

In almost every instance Mrs. Corey found that the children were mistreated. They were shoved off the pavements and spit upon in the street; they were made to do all the menial labor about the house, and in some instances hidden in dark closets. This treatment is accounted for by the fact that their parents looked at the affliction of their children not as an infirmity but as a punishment from God for some sin they had committed. They naturally were not anxious to display his proof of their sin as they considered it, and hence the treatment they accorded their deaf progeny.

At one time Mrs. Corey had hopes that the government would foster the beginning she had made, and she even had promises from the President of the island republic to that effect. The site for the new school was selected and everything bid fair to go through with flying colors. Then came a change in the administration and the new President was not in sympathy with the new departure, and everything was dropped.

Mrs. Corey's work was taken up by a Miss Haines from North Carolina who is still carrying on the work.—*The Rocky Mountain Leader.*

Murray Campbell, of Mount Vernon, New York, a Gallaudet graduate of some years back, is indulging in the back-to-the-land movement in rather pleasing and luxurious style. He has purchased the fine estate of Dr. E. J. Nesbitt, of New Hackensack near Poughkeepsie comprising one hundred and six acres, and known at Locust Hall. We hardly anticipate a rush to follow his example.—*Michigan Mirror.*

CALIFORNIA

BY MRS. ALICE TERRY



NOTE—It has always been our purpose to grow, to move with the modern progressive spirit. Because of this, and in view of the 1915 Panama-Pacific Exposition we can no longer content ourselves in one section of the state as heretofore. Instead we will henceforth write under the bigger and broader title CALIFORNIA.

"I love you California, you are the greatest state of all.

I love you in the winter, summer, spring and in the fall.

I love your fertile valleys, your dear mountains I adore.

I love your grand old ocean, and I love her rugged shore.

etc., etc.

I love your old gray Missions, love your vineyards stretching far.

I love you California with your Golden Gate ajar.

I love your purple sunset, love your skies of azure blue.

I love you California, I just can't help loving you." etc.



MR. THEOPHILUS H. d'ESTRELLA

In this issue we present to our readers another one of our representative men. This time it is Mr. Theophilus H. d'Estrella, of Berkeley. For more than half a century he has been so closely connected with the California School that to mention the one without the other would seem quite out of place. As a teacher he is best known, but other aspirations and inclinations he has fulfilled just as well. He is heart and soul an artist, an ardent photographer, a lover of the theatre, and has written much for the papers. He has also travelled extensively at home and abroad, and he is personally well known to the deaf of two continents. Now at the ripe age of sixty-four his experiences and observations are considered a valuable addition to the science of education. In fact, one seldom meets a deaf-mute with so remarkable a history as Mr. d'Estrella's.

At the request of friends he has written a biographical sketch of himself. To best illustrate the tragic incidents in the early life of this little deaf and dumb boy we will quote from his autobiography:

"Theophilus H. d'Estrella was born in San Francisco, February 6, 1851. He was born deaf. At the age of five years both his parents died. This left him without a single relative in the world. As a cruel fate decreed he soon fell into the hands of an unsympathetic Mexican woman, a woman reputed

to have been his darling mother's worst enemy. In this new home—not home in the least sense of the word—the backyard became his only playground. He was forbidden the streets and the companionship of other children and whipped if he passed the gate. But in spite of whippings the six year old boy made his way out upon the streets. He wandered down to the wharves where he made friends of the sailors. Always sure of a beating at home, usually hungry, and often in rags, during the next three years, the little deaf and dumb boy wandered hither and thither through the streets of San Francisco, the great mining metropolis, at that time one of the centers of the world's wealth and the wonder of the decade. Spurred on by hunger he became adroit at theft. Now it was fruit at the corner stand, now a loaf of bread from some doorstep, then a dime or nickel from some convenient till. Finally he stole a gold piece, ten dollars, from a neighboring meat market. The silver which he received in change, after purchasing a few cents worth of candy, so frightened him that he hid it under a building. When he returned to get his money it was gone. He felt relieved. He was not detected in this theft, but he never stole again.

"The beatings at home increased in violence. But they did not cure him of his wanderings. Once, strung up by the arms, a fire was kindled beneath his bare feet. Still untutored, deaf and dumb, the little orphan's resentment toward his guardian became unbounded. The moon became his mother. He imagined that she looked down upon him, that she would take care of him. When the moon shone he was careful of his conduct. But in cloudy or foggy nights he felt that he had little to fear.

"Without language, with only primitive means of communication the little boy built up a god of his own. The stars were the candles of the god, the sun was his ball of fire which he tossed high into the sky. The clouds were smoke from his pipe. Rain was water spread from his lips, even as the little boy had seen Chinese laundry-men spew water from their mouths.

"To him people never grew, he supposed he would always be a boy, etc.

"It was such a boy who at the age of nine entered the California Inst. for the Deaf to become its first pupil. To him it was not a school. It was home. He was destined to become the especial protege of Dr. Wilkinson, and for fifty-four years this same Institution has been his home."

So fascinating, so convincing, withal tragic, is the record of this childish life that it has attracted the attention of Prof. James, the eminent Harvard philosopher, who has pronounced it unique of its kind and a valuable addition to the science of psychology. It was through its perusal that this professor was led to revise certain published opinions of himself as to the power of reasoning prior to the acquisition of language.

After graduating at the Berkeley School Mr. d'Estrella entered the University of California. Here he studied for three years. Then he took up the profession of teaching at his *alma mater*. Later he entered the School of Design in San Francisco to pursue a five years' course in drawing. Resuming his teaching he added art to his curricula. Among his early pupils were Douglas Tilden, the sculptor, and Granville Redmond, the artist.

Though unable to talk or read the lips it is surprising what a large acquaintance Mr. d'Estrella has among the hearing people. He is a member of the Sierra Club and other hearing organizations. All the same he loves his fellow-deaf best and in return is dearly beloved by them. In conclusion we will only add, "Mr. d'Estrella has lived a full, well-rounded life, as full and well-rounded as any man can live who has no better half!"

After a long siege of sickness it now seems that Mr. O. H. Regensburg will ere long have regained his former health. Aside from the unceasing devotion of his wife and the visits of his friends, he has



OSCAR H. REGENSBURG

further been cherished by the sea and her constant, refreshing breezes. From the sick-room windows he commands a broad and inspiring outlook upon the bay. Once he was a famous fisherman, and no one knows better than he the sea's call—her call to fishermen. Therefore it has pained him greatly to have acknowledged these moods without being able to answer the summons.

It was in Venice-by-the-Sea that we knew him best. He is there still, likewise we still go there to visit. But all the old familiar haunts which Mr. Regensburg loved so well have never seemed the same since his enforced absence. Especially has the old pier missed him, for in those days with basket, bait and tackle he was one of its most interesting frequenters. Sometimes we went fishing with him, but we never got anything unless we followed minutely his instructions.

Sometimes he would slip away and fish without taking the trouble to drag us along. At such times we would content ourselves by hanging around the beach and capering about upon its sands in genuine child-like fashion. As the days would draw to a close and hunger would force us homeward we would begin to think exclusively of Mr. Regensburg—and of fish. If he were late in reaching us we would begin to whine, as we began to fear nothing better for supper than the poet's staple dish of beans. All at once the big, jolly fisherman would loom up with something like half a ton of fish. These he dumped into a convenient receptacle, inviting us to take our pick. Oh! the sight of those beautiful creatures just from the sea. There were halibut, mackerel, smelts, bass and tom cods in superabundance. O, the memory of such suppers! The taste lingers yet.

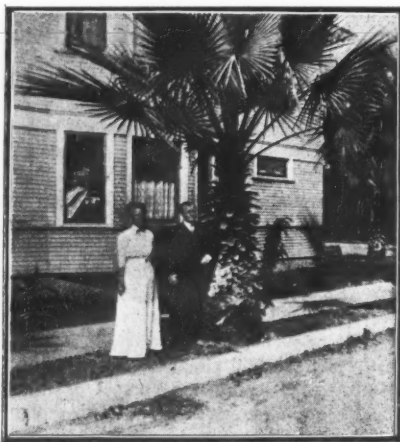
In addition to fish, there were often clams, mussels and giant crabs,—otherwise called lobsters. Mr. Regensburg's skill at trapping this last named species was always the envy of his neighbors.

While we were as yet "tenderfoots" (all new comers are more or less "tenderfoots" in California) we happened one day to encounter an unusual sight upon the pier. (In this instance our party consisted of females only.) It was late in the afternoon and a heavy fog was hanging so as to make indistinct the objects around us. Close to the fishermen's gate we noticed a dark, shapeless thing lying across a wheel-

barrow. By its bulk and length it reminded us of the outstretched form of a man. In addition to the fog the place was quite deserted, which made the situation all the more uncanny. We dared not go nearer, but stood trying to decide what that queer thing could be. Suddenly, and to our great relief, we spied Mr. Regensburg coming down the pier toward us with his usual big catch. He straightway led us up to the loathsome object which proved to be a monster Sea Bass. This giant fish weighed 381½ lbs and its presence on the pier was an uncommon sight, indeed. However, Mr. Regensburg did not say that he had caught it, but if he had, we would actually have believed him, so well had we come to appreciate his skill as a fisherman. Instead, he explained that this prize fish had lately been hooked by a certain visiting Nebraska doctor, who had nearly died of heart failure so shocked was he at this unexpected catch. Therefore being in no condition to tackle this game; and moreover, likely to capsize his boat in any such attempt, he had to call to experienced fishermen to land the big Bass for him. It is unfortunate that Mr. Regensburg was not in sight during that tense moment, else he might have added greatly to his laurels, instead of having the honor snatched away by some other local rod and reel man.

Already an army of human vultures had visited the big fish and stolen away great chunks and slices from its sleek, full sides. So in reality it had been only a badly mutilated carcass that had so startled us at first sight. We had some misgiving as to whether such a monster fish were good for food. But on being assured that the vultures who had preceded us, were of our identical race and color, we decided to accept a steak or two for supper. Then, not until after we had partaken of this choice meat, did we discover that this same Sea Bass rivals closely fried spring chicken.

So there now our readers can see why Venice has



MR. AND MRS. JAMES McMECHEN AT HOME IN LOS ANGELES

not seemed the same to us any more, since Mr. Regensburg was taken ill. When he recovers, we will again get out our rod and reel which has so long lain neglected in the attic. For the poet Terry, never having had luck as a fisherman, steadfastly refuses to further indulge the finny creatures with gentle coaxings, and expensive bait.

At the mentioning of the Hartford Convention in 1917, Mr. and Mrs. James McMechen are again reminded vividly of their old school days there. They have many an interesting story to tell in connection with the old Hartford regime. Mr. McMechen has steady employment in a pressed brick and tile roofing plant.

It is the sincere wish of their friends that they may both be able to make the long trip back East and visit once again their cherished *alma mater*.

In our last letter we recorded some of the smart social functions which had previously taken place

in Los Angeles. Since then there have been several more attractive parties, but by far the most sumptuous was the luncheon given by Mrs. Henry Reaves, assisted by her daughters, Mrs. Perrigen and Miss Bessie Reaves. In the exquisite table decorations,



Little Henry Reaves Perrigen, snapped in a frolic with his mother.

in the dainty place cards and favors, and in the elaborate menu this event excelled by far all previous luncheon records in Los Angeles. The skilled caterer who managed this appeared to be heart and soul demonstrating new triumphs in the culinary art—for fairer than ever to behold, and more palatable still, were the different dishes set before the guests. We regret that we haven't a copy of that eight-course menu to present to our readers. For, no doubt, the ladies might stare in amazement at the wonders of California cookery, while the mouths of the opposite sex might fairly water and cause them to urge wifey, mother, or sister, to try this dish, that dish, and so forth, while we'd only venture hopeful results! In the course of the afternoon several lively games were played—the best one was, "Don't count your chickens before they are hatched."

At four o'clock each guest received mail from a bogus post-man. In each envelope was a post-card photograph of little Henry, the first and only grandchild of Mrs. Reaves. The little fellow himself was present at the party and proved easily the center of attraction. Quite a number of prominent deaf had left the city before the appointed date, therefore we can only mention those who were present to enjoy this, the finest luncheon on our social staus:—Mrs. Wornstaff, Mrs. Tilley, of San Francisco; Mrs. Mills, Mrs. J. Sonneborn, Mrs. M. Sonneborn, Mrs. Terry, Mrs. Andrews, Mrs. Cool, Mrs. Doane, Miss Taylor, Miss Young.

FROM SUNNY CALIFORNIA

I have been an interested reader of the *SILENT WORKER* lately and have noticed articles from Southern California from the pen of a local correspondent's letters are interesting. Yet I have noticed that she has not mentioned several things that are of general interest to the deaf of this part of California. Therefore I have taken the liberty of making my initial bow before the readers of *THE SILENT WORKER*.

A large number of the deaf of Los Angeles and vicinity have organized a congregation for the deaf. There are regular services, held every Sunday afternoon at three o'clock at St. Paul's Episcopal Church. Mr. Thomas L. Marsden, of Pasadena, is Lay-Reader for the Mission and his services are very interesting and largely attended by the deaf of Los Angeles and vicinity. He is a very eloquent speaker and his mas-

tery of the sign-language is most efficient, his signing being clear and easily understood by all present. He is winning popularity as a speaker.

There is a Mission for the deaf for St. Paul's Church at Los Angeles and there are meetings held every Wednesday evening. Mr. Thomas L. Marsden is President of the Mission, Mrs. Kiene, Vice-President; Mr. Terry, Sec'y; Mr. Lewis, Treasurer.

Mr. John H. Lamme, of Salem, Oregon, has been sojourning in Los Angeles since the first of February. He is a very pleasant gentleman to meet and is liked by all.

On April 11th, the Los Angeles Division, N. F. S. D., held a social and bazaar at their hall on So. Grand St. A number of articles were raffled off, among them being a belgian hare donated by Mr. and Mrs. Marsden. It was won by Mr. Abe Himmelschein. Was your Easter dinner good, Abe?

Services were held Easter afternoon in the assembly room of St. Paul's Parish House and a large number of the deaf were present. Mr. Marsden's sermon was appropriate to the occasion, being about the Resurrection of Christ. At the morning services held in the church, a deaf couple, Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Shuford, of Los Angeles, were baptized by the officiating minister.

Your California correspondent had a lengthy article in the April *WORKER* on the pure oral subject. I would like to say something on that subject myself, as I am a pure oral product myself and know just how the thing works, but as this letter is long enough, I'll wait some other time.

Mr. Marsden's license as a Lay-Reader has been extended to Long Beach and possibly elsewhere in the diocese of Los Angeles. "SUSIE."

April 21st, '14.

TYPES OF CHILDREN OF DEAF PARENTS



GRACE GLYNN

The nine-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Martin Glynn, of Jersey City, N. J.

DAUGHTER OF DEAF PARENTS

Miss Letitia Gallaher will be one of the soloists at the last three of the Sunday afternoon concerts to be given at the Medinah Temple in Chicago, during March. Miss Gallaher has won much distinction in concerts, recitals and oratorios, and is one of the most popular soloists in Chicago. She is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Gallaher, who are both graduates of this school. Mrs. Gallaher, who was Miss Jennie Gilchrist, graduated in 1874, and Mr. Gallaher graduated in 1877. The *Chicago Daily News* printed a picture of Miss Gallaher in connection with the article regarding which we have just made mention, and it shows her to be a very beautiful young woman, as well as being a talented soloist.—*Illinois Advance*.

ERNSTOGRAPHS

By J. ERNST GALLAHER



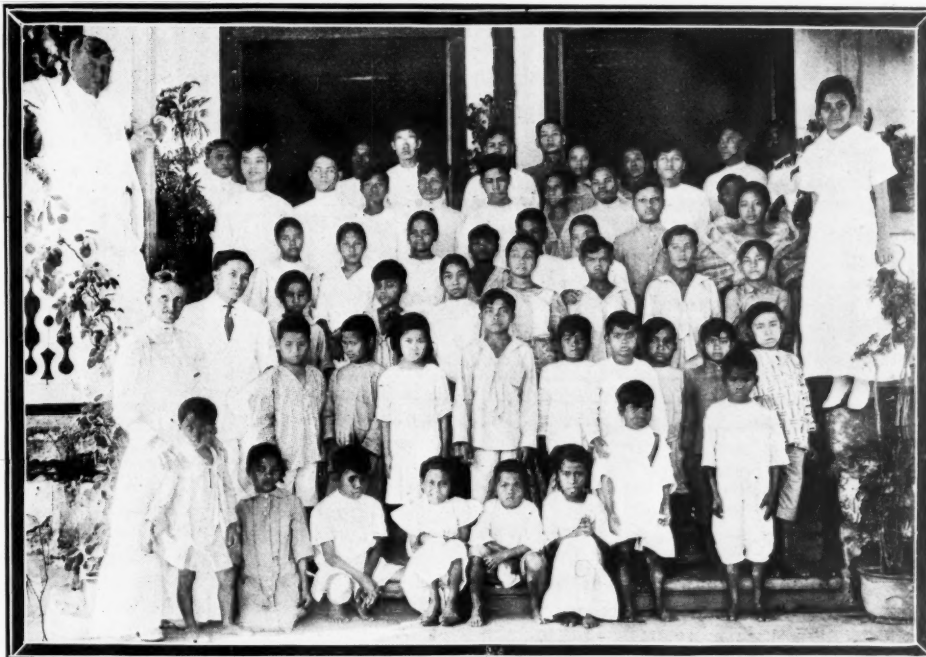
UPT. JONES of the Ohio School is probably the only head of a school for the deaf who allows former pupils to learn to become linotype operators free of cost. The operator-apprentices work part of the time each day in the printing office in exchange for their board and technical instruction. The latest to be thus helped is Edwin Hazel, who has for the past few months been employed as compositor in one of the print shops of Chicago. There are six or seven other schools for the deaf which own a linotype machine, and it seems it would be a good idea if they also would let the deaf printers, whether former pupils or not, who desire to become machine operators, learn the trick of running a typesetting machine. As between being a job compositor or a linotype operator the latter is to be preferred when it comes to pay and steady employment. An operator must be an intelligent person, often using his own knowledge in setting certain parts of the copy, making use of capital letters, punctuation, etc. There must be more than 30 deaf linotype operators in the United States today, and the list is being added to annually.

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Such of the deaf as live in large cities where they have weekly opportunities of meeting each other little realize how lonesome their brothers and sisters residing in smaller places often feel for want of a come together. The only time this can take place in many localities is when the missionary makes his periodical rounds, and this rarely occurs oftener than once a month in small places. The crying need is for more missionaries, and the more we have from different denominations the better. It is stated the well known George W. Veditz is contemplating entering the Baptist Missionary field. If this be true, it would make two belonging to that denomination, and he would be peculiarly well fitted for the work, not only because of his fine intellectual attainments but also because it would be impossible for him to hide his light under a bushel. It is also reported that the Methodist Church will put a fourth deaf missionary in the field as soon as funds are available. He will hail from the South.

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A good deal of discussion anent the deaf being debarred from government positions has been published. As the postal regulations as now amended stand, it rests entirely with the "heads of departments" to decide whether a deaf applicant is competent to



DEAF AND BLIND PUPILS OF THE MANILLA SCHOOL.

fill a certain position. Do you suppose there would be many decisions in favor of a deaf applicant? Nonsense! The only way for us to get our rights is to have the postal regulations changed so as to specify what positions deaf-mutes can fill and are to be given. Among them should be mentioned specifically all kinds of clerical positions not requiring expert knowledge; railway mail clerk; mail sorters and distributors; mail carriers; mail collectors, etc. Until we have a law mentioning the deaf as a class and the positions they are to fill when competent, we cannot expect better things than have been doped out to us for many years past.

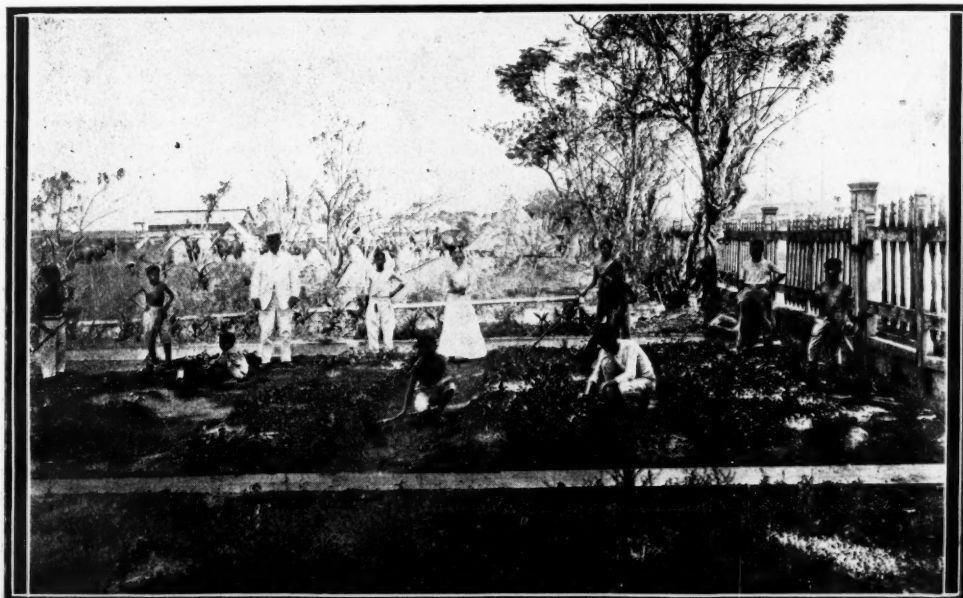
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Some of the I. p. f. papers are indulging in good natured fault finding regarding the typographical appearance of the school papers. One of them which undertook to point out an error in the columns of one of its exchanges, was surprised to have that paper retort by showing up its contemporary with a bushful of typographical and grammatical errors.

==o==

Any laws made for the special protection of the deaf should be repealed where they exist and fought against if attempted to be passed. The inference in the public mind by such legislation would be that we as a class are cuddle-brained beings or suckers, unable to look out for ourselves and fight our own battles. I once read in a Chicago daily a news paragraph clipped from a New York paper wherein it was advocated that a law for the protection of "the deaf and dumb" against bogus investments should be on the Statute books. This was owing to a single case of a deaf man having lost money in some sort of investment. But as hundreds of hearing people are being swindled out of various sums by unreliable concerns every day, why should the deaf be specially protected? Let them look out for themselves and seek wise counsel before investing.

Likewise if a deaf-mute gets drunk and creates a disturbance why should the deaf as a class be singled out and the law invoked to protect them from getting drunk again? If whisky is good for the hearing it is not poison for the deaf; and if the hearing can get drunk all they want and make things lively, what constitutional right has anybody from preventing the deaf from doing likewise? I am against saloons myself, and do not drink liquor, nevertheless such a law as the following, which was enacted in the Province of New Brunswick, Canada, in 1912, can only harm



THE MANILLA SCHOOL GARDEN

the deaf as a class, though there is no denying that it was passed for their own good:

"No deaf-mute, or deaf person, may be served with liquor in any form, in any bar, saloon, club or cafe, under penalty of a fine of \$50 for first offence against this act, and six months imprisonment for second offence."

Isn't it rather humiliating to be obliged to make the sign that you cannot hear whenever you are spoken to? Some conceited or supersensitive deaf refuse to own up to their infirmity under such circumstances. Silly are they! I know a deaf man, a former school-mate of mine, who scorned to let people know he was deaf. One day he was driving a team attached to a wagon across a bridge when a man walking on the road yelled at him. Deafy saw him but paid no attention and drove on. Enraged at such uncalled for insolence, the man seized a large piece of stone and hurled it at the deaf driver. It went whizzing perilously near his forehead and caused him to quickly turn round and take notice. It was now the turn of the angered mute to inform the man by signs that he was deaf. The man came up to him and wrote: "Why in — didn't you tell me that when I spoke to you?"

But the above incident is hardly to be compared to be following occurrence, clipped from a Chicago daily, first because it is unusual to see a deaf-mute so plentifully supplied with money, and second, because not many of them have overcoats worth stealing:

"Clarence Britten of 53 North Lotus street, Austin, who is deaf and dumb, was beaten and robbed of \$40 and his overcoat near West Monroe and Halsted streets. The robber, who evidently knew Britten was deaf, gave him a note to read. While Britten was deciphering the note the man hit him."

FAITHFUL DEAF NEGRO SERVANT

James Good, 52 years old a deaf and dumb negro servant, who had been in the service of the Goodfellow family of St. Louis all his life, sacrificed his life in an effort to save heirlooms from the flames in a fire which destroyed the Goodfellow mansion and stables at Wentzville, Mo., last Sunday.

Jim, as he was known, discovered the fire which started from a defective flue at 8 A. M. and unable to cry out an alarm, ran to the rooms occupied by Mrs. George Wise, her son, Frank Foster, and Mrs. Mamie Walker, and aroused them by pounding on the doors. They escaped in their night clothing, having no time to try to save anything.

Jim started back into the house to save some valuable treasures, and returning, was buried under the burning stairway, which collapsed. He was taken to the St. Louis City hospital on a special train and died at 2 o'clock Monday morning. He was buried last Tuesday in the Goodfellow vault in Bellfontaine. He formerly was a slave belonging to the Goodfellow family.—*Lexingtonian*.

The art committee of the Art Institute has purchased a painting by Valentin de Zaubiaurre entitled "Uncle Taturio of Segovia" for the permanent collection of the institute. The picture was shown at the institute last May at the exhibition of contemporaneous Spanish artists. The artist, who is a deaf-mute, was born in Madrid in 1879 studied there and in Paris. He has won gold medals at exhibitions in Munich, Brussels and Barcelona and silver medals in Madrid and Buenos Ayres.—*Chicago Tribune*.

DEAF-MUTE BAND FORMED

Mr. A. J. Amateau, head of the Bureau for the Welfare of the Jewish Deaf, has organized a deaf-mutes band, which has already been employed to play at the different Marcus Loew's Theatres after they have had sufficient practice. The orchestra, which is composed of sixteen deaf-mutes, is now rehearsing regularly at the Educational Alliance under the directorship of Mr. Maurice Eisen, a deaf-mute musician. Arrangements have already been made with the Loew management for a six month's engagement.—*American Hebrew*.



By A. L. Pach, 570 Fifth Avenue, New York



LAST year I had occasion to mention in these columns the fact that so "knowing" a publication as *The New York World Almanac* used the term "deaf and dumb mutes." I sent a marked copy to the Editor of the Almanac and the other day it occurred to me to look up the 1914 edition to see if the break had been repeated and was glad when I found it had not. I like the *World Almanac*. It consists of over 800 pages and costs only 25 cents, and if I could have but one compendium or work of reference I would have the *World Almanac*. I need to know lots of things every day and no other work tells me as much as the *World Almanac* does.

It is only custom, rather than ignorance of the facts that impels the *World Almanac's* editor to carry statistics of the Deaf and the Deaf and Dumb under the heading "Defective Classes."

According to this Authority the "Defective Classes" are respectively the Insane, the Feeble-Minded, the Deaf and Dumb, the Blind, and I am going to send a marked copy of this article to the editor and ask him when he compiles next year's Almanac, to leave out the Deaf and Dumb.

If he will not re-classify them, then I will ask him to run a foot-note stating that the classification is unjust. He will not know, as my readers do, why we protest, but he may.

I want to tell him first that the classification is correct as to the Insane and the Feeble-minded, as they are practically always herded together in asylums and homes especially for them, and because they are either helpless or a factor of danger to themselves, or the community, or both.

The blind (totally blind, I mean) are by the very nature of their affliction, helpless and dependent on others.

Only because the deaf and dumb are educated in special schools are they mistakenly brought into this erroneous and unjust category. After their education is complete they go out into the world as independent as people in full possession of all their faculties. You cannot distinguish the deaf man from the hearing one on the street, nor in his place of employment, at least there is no outward or visible mark of his deprivation.

He marries and brings up families. His children are just like his next door neighbors. He votes and he pays taxes—he exercises every right of free citizenship except a few, the nature of his affliction prohibits—to his intense regret.

The deaf man has mighty few avenues of employment open to him, but in the few that offer no restriction he generally outdistances his fellow workers.

Instead of being rated as a defective, I think the deaf man should go into the category of the ultra-independent. Watch a deaf man cross a crowded street! The dependent hearing are warned by auto-horns, bells, sounds warnings. Mr. Deaf Man disdains them all because he doesn't know what they are, yet he gets across in safety oftener (numbers considered) than the hearing man does.

On steam-trains, elevated roads, subways and all such transportation means, every station is announced, and then the next to be reached is called out. This is all for the benefit of dependent hearing people who are taught to rely on others. Deaf people use these conveyances every day and depend on themselves to alight at the proper station, and they train themselves. On curved stations in the New York subway, the warning cry "Watch your step" is

called out incessantly—and the only people who have had their legs crushed and broken were hearing people. The deaf man watches his step, always because it is one of those eternal vigilances that is the price of his life!!!

Thomas A. Edison, though only partly deaf, according to the *World Almanac* classification, is a defective—yet Thomas A. Edison has done more for the world than millions of his fellow men. The great men of the world who have accomplished almost the superhuman should not be classed with defectives and it is just as unfair to an unknown deaf laborer, as it is to a deaf and dumb clergyman, painter, poet, sculptor, professor, editor, architect.

President Howard of the National Association of the Deaf, in spite of the fact that he has his hands full now, will find this field of odious classification a good one to work in. It is one that will have to be fought hard for old beliefs, traditions and customs die hard deaths. There is work to be done in nearly every state, and a special Board for each state to fight this hurtful menace will be necessary.

Our Superintendents who accept invitations to attend and address conferences on Charities, Correction and other subjects, that are the outcome of the truly custodial institutions, can do good work by refusing to attend such meetings if their presence is to be construed as meaning that they are engaged in that sort of work.

The following needs no comment:

April 4, 1914.

MY DEAR MR. PACH:—I heartily sympathize with all you said in the last number of the *WORKER* about the anonymous writer in the *Journal*, who calls himself Masiniello.

The identity of the writer became known to us first after he had written a few letters by the repetition of a certain statement he had made a few years ago under his real name, and by other characteristics of his writings that betrayed him. There is only one deaf person known who tallies with these clues, and, try as we may, we can NOT "take the spots off the leopard."

I feel sure that every fair-minded deaf person regrets the great harm this writer is doing to the cause of the deaf in these days.

The courageous action of the *WORKER* in drawing the limit line for such a masked reviler is worthy of great praise from the deaf.

You did admirably in disavowing, as one, such an abominable attack upon Helen Keller.

I stand for justice and fairness, no matter which way the course leads, so believe me, I am

Fraternally yours,
JAS. S. REIDER.

I wouldn't advise a deaf girl to take up typewriting if she intends to follow it as an occupation. There may be exceptions and I have no doubt there are, but it's an awfully tough proposition to place a deaf-mute girl in a business office with only typewriting as an accomplishment. I am convinced of all this as a result of an experience I had recently trying to place an applicant—a young woman I met only on the one occasion of her visit in search of a job, but whose brightness, neatness and ability to use a machine well appealed to me. I could not use her services in our own office, for my deafness cripples and handicaps me to the extent that it would be folly to hinder things by having a second deaf person to complicate matters. A deaf man needs hearing help. There is the telephone with its endless calls all the day, and other business exigencies make hearing assistants vitally necessary.

However, I wanted to be of service, so had the applicant typewrite five neatly written requests for a situation. I sent them out with a stamped envelope enclosed in each. Two came back, and three answered over the phone. Two stated that typewriting without stenography was an impossible situation with them. One said a deaf woman could not be of service in their employ and the other said that their typewriters had to take their turns at a switchboard, so there you are, and that's why I should think dress-making, millinery, designing and all those arts far preferable to typewriting. The publishers that use a great many girls typewriting circulars etc., pay only \$5.00, or at best \$6.00, a week, with long lay offs between busy seasons.



By Jas. S. Reider, 1538 N. Dover St., Phila., Pa.



HE name of our State society, the Pennsylvania Society for the Advancement of the Deaf, is at once descriptive of the kind of organization that it is, and, in these days of countless organizations of both the deaf and the hearing, we can see no reasonable objection to it. On the contrary, we think that, because of the very fact that there are so many organizations of all kinds, it is not only proper but advisable to have a specific name for our State society; and, moreover, we believe that a name that implies the character of work an organization exists for appeals quicker and more strongly to the sympathies of those without it. The chief objection centers in the word "advancement;" these objections, as far as we have noted them in the deaf press, seem to be for the most part only imaginery. Some over-sensitive persons object to too much light; they are suspicious that the public will not think that they are independent enough if they join an association for the "advancement of the deaf." They think things that the public does not think of them.

The name **The American Association to Promote the Teaching of Speech to the Deaf** is one of the most descriptive names in point. You can tell at a glance what this association is for. The Pennsylvania Society for the Advancement of the Deaf is another example. Any one can tell by that name that it is not a social organization, or beer club, or political club, or labor union, or anything else than a charitable society with the good object of advancing the cause of the deaf in general. Then why is the change desirable? Should we not "let well enough alone?"

The above reminds us of the frequent, but weak, agitation in the deaf press to strike off the word "Dumb" from the titles of the old schools for the deaf. This may be done without harm, perhaps; but it is a question whether it is always the best way. To do it may be construed as catering to the sensitiveness of the deaf when there is but little cause, if any, to worry. The objection to the word comes mainly from the deaf, we believe. The directors of the institutions seem to be unable to see any harm done by the word and are content to let it remain in the title. It may be because a change will require a legal procedure and an unnecessary expenditure of money for a trivial object. Or they may take the ground that, as the young pupil, at the beginning of his school life, is practically dumb or lacks the power to articulate words, and that speech comes to him after proper training, it is not wholly wrong to include the word in the legal title of the school. We presume these reasons, and maybe there are other and better reasons which account for the silence of the directors in the matter.

Mr. George S. Bliss, who is at the head of the Philadelphia weather service, gave an interesting and instructive lecture on the Weather Bureau before the Philadelphia Local Branch, P. S. A. D., at All Souls' Parish House on Saturday evening, May 9th. The lecture was illustrated by lantern slides of charts, tornadoes, etc. There were some rare views of heavy lightning in the darkness of the night, which were of thrilling interest. Such views are not easily taken and those shown were taken from a high point by allowing the shutter of the camera remain open

until the flashes, happening in its range, were caught. Many interesting facts of the great usefulness of the Weather Bureau to shipping men and shippers were brought out. Where formerly, before the service was in use, the losses were fifteen per cent they are now only five per cent or less. Mr. Bliss spoke for an hour and a half, and Mr. Joseph E. Lipsett interpreted in signs.

At the meeting of the Board of Managers of the Pennsylvania Society for the Advancement of the Deaf, held in this city on Friday evening, April 17th, last, Mr. J. A. McIlvaine, Jr., Rev. C. O. Dantzer, and Mr. A. C. Manning were re-elected Trustees of the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf for another term. The Board of Trustees consists of nine (9) members, three being elected annually in place of those whose terms expire. One of the hearing Trustees, Mr. Frank M. Germane, resigned and Mr. Edwin Stanely Thompson was elected to fill the vacancy. The Board voted to transfer \$113.40 to the Maintenance Fund, and \$48.00 to the Endowment Fund; \$10 was given to the De l'Epee Statue Fund of the National Association of the Deaf.

The Philadelphia Division No. 30, National Fraternal Society of the Deaf, at its last meeting, on May 1st, voted to contribute \$10.00 to the fund that is being raised to erect a statue of De l'Epee in this country.

The annual election of the Board of Managers of All Souls' Guild was held on April 23rd, and resulted as follows: James S. Reider, warden; Charles M. Pennell, treasurer; George T. Sanders, clerk; William H. Lipsett, R. E. Underwood, Charles Partington, Alexander S. McGhee, Thomas E. Jones, and Harry G. Gunkel. All but the last named belonged to the old Board.

The following is clipped from the Evening Bulletin of recent date:

"The necessity of remedying the cerebral centers in correcting faulty or defective speech instead of endeavoring to train the muscles of articulation," was the subject of a lecture delivered by Dr. G. Hudson Makuen yesterday afternoon at the Polyclinic Hospital.

Dr. Makuen explained the close relationship between speech and the development of thought and said that an instructor in voice culture or speaking should be familiar with both the psychological and physiological details of voice to be really efficient.

In the teaching of deaf children the doctor favored the oral method of speech to the sign-language. "When a deaf child is taught to speak by the oral method," he continued, "more of the brain is developed and thereby the child receives greater benefit from the instructions. The reason a deaf child does not develop normal speech is because it has no auditory word center, having never heard words or the sound of its own voice. A blind child, on the other hand, has no visual word center, therefore the other centers of speech must be developed to the work."

He further declared that it is even possible to teach a child, who is both deaf and blind, the inflection of words.

Dr. Makuen said that he had recently been misquoted as saying that stammering could be remedied by changing the speech centers in the brain. "This method," he said, "were it possible, would not be practicable, because it is so much easier to correct the defect in the cerebral center on one side than to try to change them."

There is no organized mission for the Hebrew deaf of Philadelphia, but these people are given the privilege of meeting at the Beth Israel Temple every Sunday afternoon and at other times, if desired. There they have banded themselves under the name of "The Beth Israel Association for the Deaf." The President of the Temple organization is Mr. Julius Blanckensee, who has a deaf-mute brother (Mr. Henry Blanckensee), and he and Rabbi Marvin Nathan are very kindly disposed towards their deaf fellow people, but thus far their work has been greatly handicapped. Should a history be written on the long basketball

by the need of a gifted leader among their own people.

On Arbor Day, Friday, April 24th, the graduating class held their class day exercises. At half-past one they assembled on the campus in front of Wissinoming Hall and planted an American elm, which they named "The Laurent Clerc Tree," in honor of the first deaf teacher of the deaf in America.

The exercises began with the planting of the tree. The first shovel-ful of earth was thrown around the roots by the class president, May Trend, who was followed by Mr. A. R. Montgomery, Vice-President of the Board of Directors, Dr. Crouter, Mrs. Crouter, Mrs. Harris Taylor, Mr. Wright, Superintendent of the Michigan School, and then the members of the class, in turn.

The class president delivered a short address and a response was made by Dr. Crouter, after which Mr. Wright spoke briefly to the gathering. Led by Dr. Crouter, the class then recited Mrs. Heerman's "Arbor Day Song." The exercises closed with the recitation of "America" by the spectators and the class in concert.—From the Mt. Airy World.

This spring attention is being given to the grounds around the new All Souls' Church for the Deaf. The lawn is being sodded; trees, hedges and shrubbery have been planted, and other improvements are planned to the grounds which in time may make them one of the most beautiful spots in the locality. We hope by Fall to present in the Worker a good picture of the church and grounds, as we feel sure it will interest the many friends of the church who are prevented by distance from seeing it with their own eyes.

A little learning is a dangerous thing;
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring:
There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
And drinking largely sobers us again.

—Pope.

DIFFICULTIES IN WAY OF DEAF

People generally do not stop to consider what great difficulties the deaf have to contend with in acquiring even a tolerable command of English, and what a stupendous task it is for them to secure anything like a thorough education. Hearing people, in trying to carry on a written conversation with a half-grown deaf boy will often express great surprise at his meagre knowledge of language, when that boy has been at school probably only three or four years; that is, has had hardly as great advantages as a normal child three years of age. The hearing child's education does not begin with its first day at a public school. The mind begins to develop as soon as the little one looks abroad upon the world and sees the trees and the flowers, and hears the birds sing; and as it learns to put a few little words together it begins to ask questions. It knows the names of all familiar objects and has accumulated a vocabulary sufficient for colloquial purposes before it begins to study the letters of the alphabet. A deaf boy must first learn his A. B. C's before he can find out his own name or the names of things which he has seen and handled since infancy. And what an arbitrary language the English is!—*Virginia Guide*.

It is without all controversy that learning doth make the minds of men gentle, amiable, and pliant to government; whereas ignorance makes them churlish, thwarting, and mutinous; and the evidence of time doth clear this assertion considering that the most barbarous, rude, and unlearned times have been most subject to tumults, seditions and changes.—*Lord Bacon*.

He who learns and makes no use of his learning, is a best of burden, with a load of books.—*Saadi*.

STEEPLECHASE PARK CONEY ISLAND

Funniest Place in the World
Everybody Goes.

Silent Worker

[Entered at the Post Office in Trenton as Second-class matter.]

JOHN P. WALKER, M. A., Editor.
GEORGE S. PORTER, Publisher.

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THE SILENT WORKER, Trenton, N. J.

VOL. XXVI. JUNE, 1914 No. 9

What is so rare as a day in June?

Another session nearing its close.

Be the day weary, or be the day long,
At length it ringeth to even song.

THE CIRCUS

We were all the guests of Mr. Murray at the Circus on Thursday, and what a day! The walk, the animals, the clowns, the wonderful gymnastics and the thousand and one other things dear to the heart of the child made the afternoon a glimpse of Paradise, and the grown-ups seemed to have just as much fun as the kiddies.

PENNSYLVANIA'S DAY-SCHOOL

For the day school all places seem to be temples and all seasons summer. Even Pennsylvania with its wealth of old established schools, has started them, Lancaster being the locus, and Miss Majorie Gambier Bousfield, at one time connected with our school, being the presiding genius. The day school is the entering wedge for the residential school and we must not be surprised, in the near future, to see a new school, with dormitories attached, go up in Lancaster. Meantime the day school is a good thing—for the teacher.

THE CIGARETTE

Mr. Edison, the most liberal of men in matters of personal conduct, has, at length, drawn the line at the cigarette, and has had the following notice posted in his works:

**Cigarettes not tolerated;
They dull the brain.**

Strange, that it should be necessary to give this notice to a rational human being. Any one with a scintilla of sense must know that the forcing of pyroligneous acid gas

down upon the delicate tissues of the lungs, where nothing but the purest of air should go, must needs be fatal to both brain and body. And yet there must be some one at the Edison plant who does not realize this, and for this one who will not think for himself Mr. Edison has decided to think, and it is well that he has. If our legislators would post such a notice all over the state, with heavy penalty for every infringement, it would be a good thing for many dulled bodies and brains.

IN MEMORIAM

It has been the custom in many of our schools to place upon their walls, at the death of a superintendent, a portrait of the deceased. It serves as a memorial to the man or woman who has gone from the scene of their labors, it enables former pupils upon their return to their **Alma Mater** to look once more into the face of their old friend, it presents to the visiting public the pioneers of the work, and it appears to be a custom in every way fit.

The first principal of our own school has just passed away. For sixteen years, the sixteen best years of his life, he labored among us. He was a refined, scholarly gentleman, a man to be admired and emulated and an example to be followed, and there are many of his old pupils and friends who would esteem it a happiness to have him preserved in portraiture with us. To these we would say that we have started a fund for the purpose of attaining a suitable portrait, one in oil preferably, of Mr. Weston A. Jenkins, the principal of our school from 1883 to 1899, and that contributions for the purpose may be sent to Mr. Walker or to Mr. Porter who will be the local custodians of the fund.

THE MANILLA SCHOOL

The care of the deaf in the Philippines appears to be keeping well apace with the general progress that has been made in these islands since the United States has been in possession. It is true that Delight Rice Webber has been obliged, temporarily, to abandon her task, but she has left it in good hands, and Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Rice, who are now in charge, appear to be carrying on the work with the same interest and vigor that has characterized its conduct in the past. Mrs. Rice has sent us a budget of photographs which have proven of great interest to our little folks and our half-tone department has reproduced six of them for the benefit of the little ones of other schools.

The first is a picture of Mrs. Delight Rice Webber who opened the school in Manilla seven years ago and who, in her zeal, overworked herself and is taking an enforced holiday which she is spending in the states.

The second is of Mr. and Mrs. Rice who are now in charge of the school and their Filipino assistants.

The third is a picture of Paula, now in the Berkeley, Calif. School, taken before she left Manilla.

The fourth presents Monsieur Paugliener Diki Diki, age forty-one, height thirty-six inches. Five interpreters, each with a different dialect, are used in conversing with the gentleman. Mrs. Rice tells us that a vast deal of coaxing was necessary to get Mr. Kiki Kiki to have his picture taken.

The large cut is of the garden attached to the school. In it all sorts of vegetables are raised. Beside furnishing the table with fresh garden truck, it is an object of the greatest interest and a place of fine out-of-door exercise for the children, even the blind feeling over every leaf and bulb and every inch of the ground.

It is a pleasure to note the progress of the school and everybody in the work on this side doubtless will join in good wishes for its future.

VACATION

The Closing Exercises of the term will be held on Thursday afternoon, June 11th, 1914, at 2:30 o'clock.

Children going home over the Belvidere Division will leave on the 1:30 P.M. train, on Friday, June 12th.

Those going to Camden, Millville, Bridgeton, Atlantic City, and other points south, will leave on the 12:35 P.M. train on Friday, June 12th, arriving in Camden at 1:53. They will go through to ferry in Camden, and take south bound train.

Those going to Freehold, Point Pleasant and Long Branch, will depart at 12:16 P.M. on Friday, June 12th.

Those going to New Brunswick, Rahway, Elizabeth, Newark, and Jersey City, will leave in a special car at 10:10 on Saturday morning, June 13th, arriving in Newark at 11:24 and in Jersey City at 11:40.

Those going on the Reading R. R., will leave at 8:31 A.M., on Friday morning, June 12th, arriving in Bound Brook at 10.

Parents who do not intend coming for their children will please send car-fare, and arrangements will be made for their transportation home.

If children have trunks, fifteen cents extra must be sent to cover transfer. Change will be given to children.

School will re-open on Monday, September 14th, 1914.

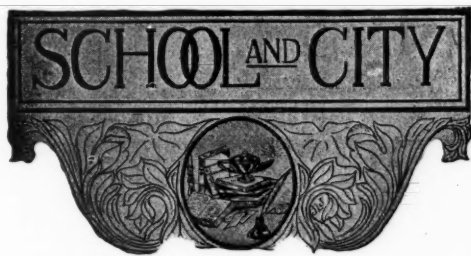
Please have children back promptly.

JOHN P. WALKER,

Supt.

BED-TIME

As a fond mother, when the day is o'er,
Leads by the hand her little child to bed,
Half willing, half reluctant to be led,
And leave his broken playthings on the floor,
Still gazing at them through the open door,
Nor wholly reassured and comforted,
By promises of others in their stead,
Which, though more splendid, may not please him more;
So nature deals with us, and takes away
Our playthings one by one, and by the hand
Leads us to rest so gently, that we go
Scarce knowing if we wish to go or stay,
Being too full of sleep to understand
How far the unknown transcends the what we know.



Lovely cool days.

A backward spring.

Our infirmary is still empty.

All hands have begun to swat the fly.

Everybody speaks well of the booklet.

The spring examinations are in progress.

We've already got our July issue under way.

Another month nearer to our summer holiday.

The library in the boys' hall is growing apace.

Our last "current events" night was full of interest.

A pair of Baltimore Orioles and a pair of — are nesting with us.

Eliza Smith's uncle was slain during the recent fighting at Vera Cruz.

We managed to nose out in our game with the Y. M. C. A. on Saturday.

Mr. George Cubberly, the father of our former nurse, passed away last week.

The clock in our second floor corridor is a hundred and twenty-five years old.

It's just all that our laundry can do, at present, to keep up to the requirements.

Seventy-eight of the boys and girls have deposits with the superintendent.

Our boys will be able to form a good strong team in Newark for the summer.

May be robins don't like apple. Throw a piece of one out on the lawn and see.

All of our feathered friends appear to have gotten back but our golden-wings.

Alice Lynch was the first to receive her car-fare home. It arrived on the 13th.

In the swimming match at Lakeside Park, last week, Joseph Higgins was successful.

The Silent Worker Jrs. are expecting a hard contest when they go to Princeton to play.

Mamie Gessner receives a box of candy every month from her sister. Fortunate Mamie!

The feed-wires of the trolley company running through our trees are doing a lot of damage.

We never had a greater variety of our feathered friends here with us than at the present time.

Lorraine Pease has just finished a chair and a desk, both of which are a great credit to him.

We've just returned from our annual pilgrimage to Philadelphia, and perhaps we are not tired.

Mary Siegel's family has moved back to New Jersey and Mary will be with us again in the fall.

Nearly all of our teachers attended at least one of the concerts of the Musical Festival, last week.

It has not yet been decided whether the painting-class will remain on through the summer or not.

A robin building in one of the elms out front has used a whole pocket handkerchief as part of her nest.

Mrs. Tobin, Clema Meleg, and Ethel Collins took tea with us on Sunday, all looking prosperous and happy.

The pleasing bit of news reached us last week that Mr. Edison now has five deaf men working in his factory.

The hiking club prepared its own dinner, while out the other day. Every member says that the dinner was fine.

The Newark News, Camden Courier and Paterson Press have many interested readers among our boys and girls.

The sad news of the death of little Arthur Pease, 3rd., baby-brother of our Arthur Pease, reached us last week.

It was not such bad luck to Mr. Sharp to lose his wheel, after all, for he has one that is better than ever now.

Our little girl gleaners gathered up every bit of old paper, all old limbs, and every stone in their yard on Saturday.

Under the head of "Bad news," Mr. Walker announced our trip down the river. There must have been some mistake.

The streets around our school are alive with automobiles and motorcycles, but we have yet to meet with our first accident.

It is pleasing to all of us to note that Carmine Pace has gone to an excellent position with the Waterman people in New York.

A number of the teachers and children have cameras and some of the pictures they have taken will appear in our July number.

We were afraid that we would not have any money for prizes this year, but find that we shall be able to get reasonably nice ones.

Vito Dondiego tried to catch a base-ball with his left eye on Friday afternoon. Needless to say, he muffed it, and the eye, oh, my!

George, discussing the recent rainy weather, says he don't care how much it rains on school days, as long as it remains clear on Saturdays.

Our boys are following the testimony in the Becker case very closely and they all seem to feel that the Lieutenant has but a narrow chance.

Henri Coene was treated to a most pleasant surprise on Tuesday morning, in the way of a visit from his Papa, who called en route for Philadelphia.

Mr. Newcomb has his eye on the market, and the first fine Jersey strawberries that arrive, at a reasonable price, will, doubtless, receive his attention.

We haven't had a re-union for several months, probably for the reason that our Saturday evenings have all been taken up with moving picture lectures.

The effect of the past year's physical training and general care of our children is visible everywhere and there never was a healthier lot of little folks.

Those of our boys who are rooting for the New York Giants are getting just a little bit worried, as the prospects of that team are not very rosy just at present.

When Esther was told that her writing was not very good, she said "I should worry." Now where do you suppose Esther got such an expression as that.

Victoria Cywinski and Victor Coopersmith are our latest arrivals and both seem greatly pleased with their opportunity to learn and the companionship they have found.

A thousand feet of film were added to our other educational pictures, on Saturday evening, showing how carelessness is the usual cause of accidents, and the lessons were most valuable ones.

Mr. Walker has been in charge of the 10:10 train north every time the children have gone home during the past fifteen years. If nothing happens, he'll doubtless be on hand on the 13th, as usual.

Reading the newspaper accounts of the coming international yacht race, has caused a model yacht craze among our boys. Charles Dobbins, Lewis Otten, and Alfred Grieff each have one under way.

Minnie Ruezinsky received a great big crisp five-dollar bill a few days ago for spring clothing and you would be surprised to see how much she got for it. Her dress is still in the hands of Miss Bilbee and Miss Whelan.

Oreste Palmieri says that he would like to be the Governor of Vera Cruz for just one year. He thinks that in this brief space of time he could change it from a dirty wicked city into one of the finest in the world. May be, Oreste.

A party of our Boy Scouts took a hike to Columbus, on Saturday, and returned with a bunch of violets as big as a peck measure. They were presented by John Brady to the household and they have since been alternating between the children's dining-room and the centre.

THE CIRCUS

Who does not love a circus?

The clowns made a barrel of fun.

The suffragette was just "awful."

The walk out and back did us all good.

Mr. Murray is the patron saint of circus day.

A tent that would hold sixteen thousand people.

The statuary in which the white horses posed was fine.

The superintendent spent two dollars and five cents for pea-nuts.

The baby camel and the baby lion were especial objects of interest.

Our enjoyment was in tents (intense). Sorry we had to diagram it.

The great show has twelve hundred employees in one capacity or another.

The circus was the greatest lesson in natural history we have ever had, to say nothing of the fun.

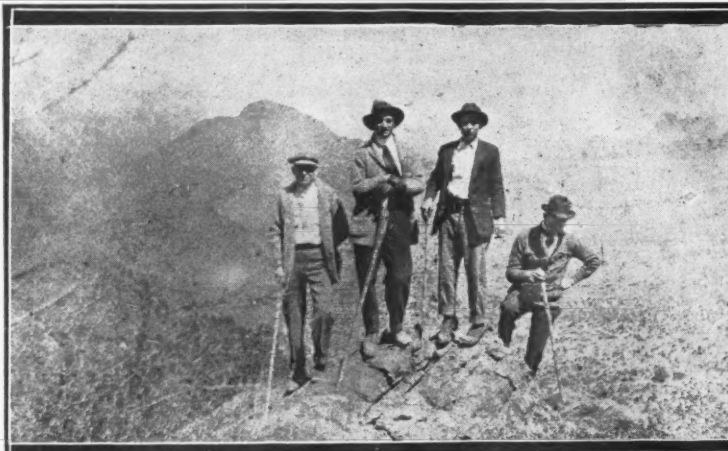
Mary Marie Kelly's little eyes never closed while the performance was going on at the great show.

If there had been a bunch of greens on top of the centre pole we think the giraffee would have gotten it.

The elephants understood signs. Every time you motioned to them to do so they'd throw their trunks and open their mouths.

MAC'S MUSINGS

BY J. H. MCFARLANE



View of Valley—Harper at left



Grub in the Desert—Harper at right



UT near the now nearly obsolete "Great American Desert" in Deming, New Mexico, is a deaf linotype operator who is making good. Herman Harper, graduate of Gallaudet College, in 1908, believes that as a linotypist (if the term may be used) he has hit a lucrative trail—one that the deaf should follow in large numbers—and he is doing his best to get the matter before the proper authorities, the superintendents of our schools. There are now but a few linotype machines among our schools, but it is safe to predict that within a few years the school for the deaf without its linotype machine will be the exception and not the rule.

We asked our friend for some data bearing on his line of work and he has given us something hot off the keys as follows:

"I wish to say that the Model K has won a place in my heart. With one or two minor exceptions, the linotype has been running smoothly just like a clock ever since it has been in my charge. A 20-page Christmas edition was set on the linotype without any trouble on any part of the machine, or any loss of time, within the usual time of the issue of the paper.

"Speaking of my affliction, I have been asked by nearly every one of the deaf as well as the hearing, everywhere that I have been, if my deafness has not in some way hindered my making good as linotype

operator and I wish to say through the columns of your valuable paper that this affliction has never rendered me incapable in keeping the machine in good running order.

"With a thorough knowledge of the mechanism of the linotype, and careful handling of its minute parts, any deaf man, who is a good printer, will have no trouble in operating the linotype.

"As higher wages and shorter hours are in order, and as the Models 8 and 9 (3- and 4-magazine respectively), and Model 15 (the \$1,750 machine for a small country weekly came into use, the days of hand-men are numbered, and I think that every deaf-mute, who is a good printer, and who has no trouble with English, punctuation, capitalization, and syllables, should be encouraged to take advantage of an opportunity to learn how to operate the linotype.

"There are about twenty or more deaf-mutes, who are now running linotypes all over the country, but it ought to be hundreds of them instead of the twenty or more. It is because most of the state schools for the deaf printing offices, except five or six, are not supplied with linotypes to give the deaf an opportunity to learn its operation. I have known three or four deaf operators who are considered as good as could be, including Keys, of the Montgomery (Ala.) Advertiser, who has in his charge the Model 9; one

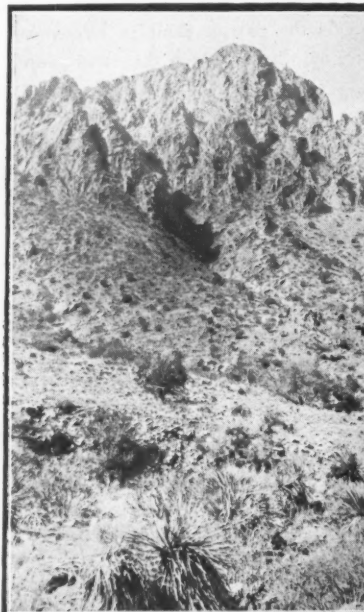
on the Dallas (Texas) Morning News and the other on the Seattle Post-Intelligencer. Major Screws, now deceased, but formerly owner and editor of the Advertiser, once told me that he wanted another "Keys," and that's where I got my first inspiration to become a linotype operator. Judging from the fact of their holding jobs with their respective employers for ten years or more, they must have given service to the satisfaction of their employers.

"With these qualifications above mentioned and their ability in keeping up with the required speed and getting out with clean proofs I don't see why the deaf-mutes should not be encouraged to become linotype operators. They could be proficient at the keyboard within a short time, provided they get the mastery of its manipulation.

"In my opinion, the head of every state school for the deaf, where linotypes are not installed, ought to go to their respective legislatures for special appropriations to have one or more linotypes as soon as possible as there is a great demand for good operators and operator-printers everywhere.

"It is my sincere wish and hope that every state school for the deaf printing shop will have one of the linotypes installed before another year has passed.

"If any deaf-mute, who wishes to become a linotype operator, but is unfortunate enough to be where the state school for the deaf printing shop has no linotype



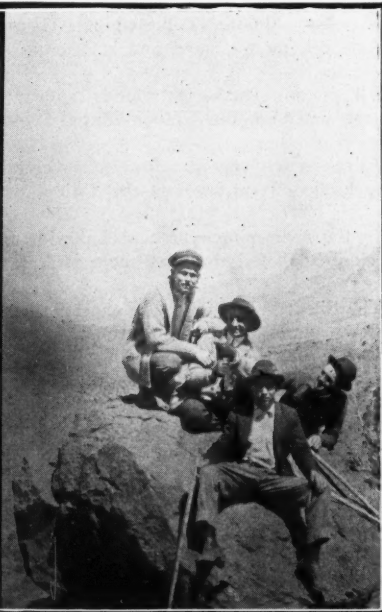
Mountain Vegetation



Tree Climbing; Concealed from the Enemy



Mountain Climbing



Herman Harper (top) and "Graphic" Force. Mexico in Distance.



Climbing the cactus. Mr. Harper gives a boost

to give him a chance to learn, he could apply for a free scholarship at the Mergenthaler factory at Brooklyn, N. Y., or at any of the branch offices, such as, in New Orleans, Chicago, and San Francisco, but if his application is for the free scholarship, as it is to be put in order, has to come in one year before he could take advantage of the course, he may apply for admission to some reputable school, such as the Inland Printer Technical School in Chicago, which charges but a very small price for tuition."

HERMAN HARPER.

One of the Alabama deaf who has gained the re-



Telephoning in the Desert

spect of the hearing public is Geo. M. Hill, of Birmingham, an interior-finish man." He has won quite

a compliment from the company he works for, being preferred to hearing employees. Listen to what his boss says:

"The above is the likeness of Mr. Geo. M. Hill, a Painter and Decorator, who has been in my employment for the past three years, having worked on my work in Birmingham, Pensacola, Fla., and Mobile, Ala.

"It gives me great pleasure to be able to truthfully speak through the columns of your deserving paper a few words in Mr. Hill's behalf.

"In the first place, he is a competent mechanic in



The Wonderful Soil Products in New Mexico

his line, a perfect gentleman in every respect, thoroughly honest, sober, and a man who is well liked and respected wherever he is at work, by not only his fellow workmen, but by the property owners; therefore I do not hesitate to put Mr. Hill in charge of work hundreds of miles away, for I always feel that he is on the job and is taking care of my interests, just the same as if I were there myself.

The fact Mr. Hill is a mute has never handicapped my work in the least, and I can truthfully state that he is the best liked man in my shop and is one of my very best men and I am hoping that the friendly relations now existing between Mr. Hill and myself may continue.

Yours truly,

A. H. ROGERS,
Birmingham, Ala.

Athletics Among the Deaf of New Jersey and Pennsylvania



HE 1913-14 basketball season of the senior team of the New Jersey School for the Deaf ended, as usual, with a good record. Out of the eighteen games played, there resulted twelve victories, four defeats and two ties. Not a game was lost on the home court. All the four defeats occurred on foreign courts, and then only by small margins.

Should a history be written on the long basketball career of the Silent Workers, the exclamation point would be much in evidence on the part of those who are included to depreciate the abilities of the deaf mute in the athletic line. But to spare the reader many a yawn, the boiled down history is that this long career, dating from the very birth of the game itself, has the word "success" spelled at the end of each and every one of its 23 years to date.

The present season has been unkind in not getting enough home games. In previous years it was a common practice for us to play twice or thrice the number of games now played. In those old days, soliciting games was as rare as it is common in these days. Indeed, things have lately reached such a point as to force us to sometimes become invaders; whereas, in the past, all we had to do was to stay at home, do nothing and let them swarm to us like moths around an arc lamp.

To those superficial reasoners who are ever creat-

ing fresh blames for the innocent back of Mr. Fly, it would seem that basketball is dying out. The contrary is the case. The game was never in a more flourishing condition than it is now. The reason for our growing difficulty in getting enough home games is the ever increasing number of basketball courts.

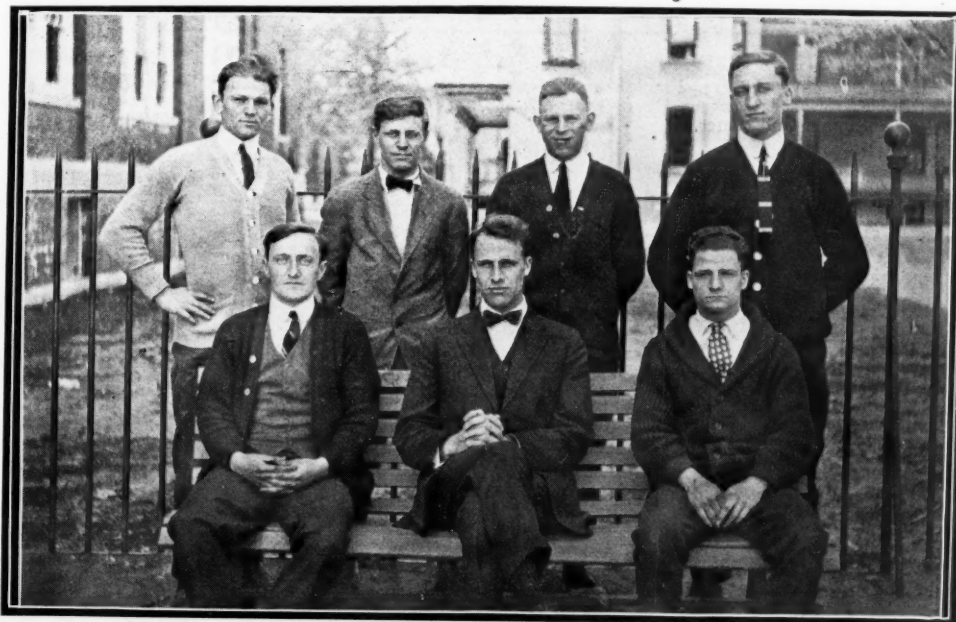
excludes some appropriate remarks. The individual players are as follows:

Harry Dixon, captain. He plays guard and sometimes forward—anywhere, if you please. Goals to him are as commonplace as flies are to you. He tops the list of point getters—which is good; and is very generous in distributing his would-be goals into the hands of his team-mates—which is better. But that is not all: it is a treat to see him snatch the ball from the hands of the enemy; he robs them by the wholesale until they seem to feel inclined to call for the cop. In short, Captain Harry is—but please glance at the records appended elsewhere and use your own judgment.

Walter Throckmorton. This name, while it gives to you who can hear the pleasure of wagging your tongue as the dog does, his tail, is nevertheless a torture to us deaf who are often forced to spell every letter of a word. For which reason, and for short, we call that fellow with the long name, Walter Throck. We also call him

"Clowny." To see him play is to imagine that we are at the circus; every lady and every gentleman who is the possessor of a set of highly prized false teeth is in danger of having them slip out and dance on the floor. Throck plays the positions of guard and forward, and is the runner-up to Dixon for the point-scoring honors.

Antonio Petoio. "Huerta must go," says Presi-



SILENT WORKERS SENIOR TEAM HAD SUCCESSFUL YEAR

Standing left to right—Fred Waltz, Tony Petoio, Walter Throckmorton, Edward Wegrzyn.
Sitting left to right—Captain Harry Dixon, Manager Edwin Markley and George Brede.

In the old days, owing to the painful lack of other courts, our court was one of the Meccas of the basketball cranks from all parts of this good old town. Today things are changed, and all hail to the prudence and the progressive spirit of Trenton!

The present team is composed partly of youngsters and partly of veterans. It was managed by our genial physical director, Mr. Markley, whose modesty

dent Wilson, and rightly so. But it is an injustice on the part of the players of the opposing teams to say, "Petoio must go," which they have so frequently done. Unlike Huerta, who murders men, Petoio murders the ball. His stormy style of playing is sure to create a grudge in the opposing clan. Naturally enough, people are averse to storms. Petoio plays forward and always in grand style.

Edward Wegrzyn, center. This boy's playing is somewhat similar to the snake-like aspect of his last name. Plus he has more ease. He has played in a semi-professional league and ranks with the best of them in there.

George Brede, guard. What! a mere lad, and he a match for the older and more experienced ones! 'Tis but too true, you hearing rustic—quite as true as the fact that you cannot hear a fly creeping up the wall. This fact of your inability to hear the fly ought to console us deaf a bit. As to swatting the fly, it is necessary to keep mum as a clam, because it has no connection with our subject.

Frederick Waltz, guard. In these days when the people are confounding Sunday with Sunday the evangelist, our reputations for veracity are at stake. Hence some caution. Hence should I say that

Waltz has carried the title of "Old War Horse" for quite a number of years and that he is still as frisky as any of our young colt players, I must expect to be greeted with the horse laugh. I am only thinking now of preserving my honor, thank you.

Titus Brown, guard. It is to be regretted that we hadn't a supply of water melons to tempt this colored lad to stay with us, who left for home early in the season. For assuredly he had a genius for locating the basket. Strange things confront us. Aside from the humiliation of beholding a colored boy the equal of, and in some respects the superior of our best players, it is strange that a game which consists in sending the ball through a kind of net which itself is a joke when it comes to catching butterflies—it is strange that such a game should be called basketball. The record follows:

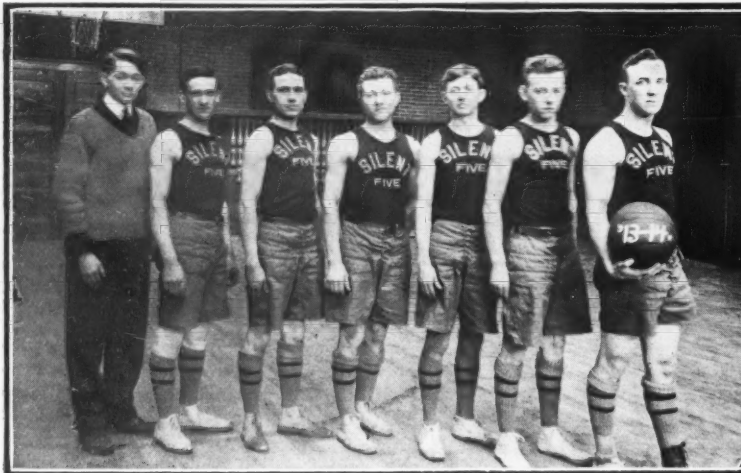
Silent Workers, 24; Wilbur Triangles, 16.
Silent Workers, 38; Empire Tire Co., 20.
Silent Workers, 37; Newark Alumni, 24.
Silent Workers, 64; Trenton Potteries, 25.
Silent Workers, 20; Marshalls, 30.
Silent Workers, 25; N. Y. Alphabet A. C., 25.
Silent Workers, 44; Hoboken Triangles, 58.

Silent Workers, 37; Victoria A. C. 5.
Silent Workers, 30; Red Rose, 30.
Silent Workers, 50; Chinese College, 11.
Silent Workers, 46; Knox A. C. 13.
Silent Workers, 22; Central Y. M. C. A., 12.
Silent Workers, 31; Plainfield Y. M. C. A., 41.
Silent Workers, 28; Wilbur Triangles, 13.
Silent Workers, 83; I. W. D. Bengles, 7.
Silent Workers, 11; Rangers B. B. C., 5.
Silent Workers, 35; Cooper's All Stars, 19.
Silent Workers, 23; Morris B. B. C., 20.
Totals: Silent Workers, 648; Opponents, 404.

The individual record:

	Games.	Fld. G.	Fl. G.	Pts.
H. E. Dixon, g., f.	16	74	22	170
W. Th'kmorton, g., f.	17	61	16	138
Tony Petoio, f., g.	13	48	23	119
E. Wegrzyn, c.	10	51	4	106
Fred Waltz, g.	7	31	3	65
George Brede, f.	5	24	2	50
Totals		289	70	648

MILES SWEENEY.



THE PITTSBURGH SILENT FIVE Photo. by Cyril Painter.

Right from left to right—James McDowell, manager; Frank Blackhall, guard; Albert Lenz, forward; Joe Johovics, forward; Vincent Dunn, guard; Clifford Davis, guard; Michael Boyle, captain and center.



THE PASTIME DEAF-MUTE A. C.

Standing left to right—James Price, short stop; Vincent Dunn, center field; Frank Blackhall, third base; Clifford Davis, right field; Albert Lenz, second base; James McDowell, manager and pitcher. Sitting left to right—Bernard Lytle, first base; Walter Loughlin, catcher; George Blackhall, left field; Joe Johovics, captain and pitcher.



HE deaf community of Pittsburgh is well represented in the athletic circles. For years they have been putting on the field basket ball and baseball teams and their records are one that everybody can be proud of.

They are popular and the most widely sought after teams in this part of the state and Eastern Ohio. Both teams have been under the able management of James McDowell. He is a hustler.

The Silent Five is composed of young men all under 22, and all first learned the game at the Western Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf, located at Edgewood Park, Pa. The team has without doubt one of the fastest amateur teams in this state, every member being an excellent shot and their team work is marvelous. A good bit of this is responsible through the coaching of Vincent Dunn, who, with Frank Blackhall, have been with the team since its organization on December 11, 1909. The team of 1914 did not fare as well as the team of 1912-'13 when they made the enviable record of 21 wins out of 29 games. It was mainly due to the absence of Michael Boyle, who did not join the team until the latter part of January. The team engaged in 16 contests and the number of losses and wins are about even.

The team has at the forward positions Lenz

and Johovics, a pair of speed boys with an average of six field goals a game. At center they have Boyle, who has always proved a tower of strength to the team. Dunn, Davis and Blackhall take care of the guarding and they always perform their duty well.

The basketball team was organized by John Friend, a former Gallaudet man in the spring of 1910. He has long since ceased taking an active part in athletics, but the good works he left behind, was taken up by others. It was his influence which helped the basket ball and baseball teams to hold a firm footing in this state.

During the past summer the baseball team has been making a name for itself in the amateur ranks. They played in 14 games, getting away with 9 victories. Practically all the members of the team will be on the field again this coming summer. The infield and outfield will stay inactive and they are expected to put up a better article of ball with added experiences they gained. Plans are afoot to entertain the delegates of the Pennsylvania Society for the Advancement of the Deaf, at the coming convention to be held in Pittsburgh next August with a game against a picked team of Philadelphia boys. The latter must look to their laurels.

Language is the picture and counterpart of thought.
—Mark Hopkins.

THE SILENT PRAYER.

By J. H. McFARLANE.

The omnipresent Spirit on us breathes,
A prayerful throng
Of worshippers with spirits humbly bowed
In silence, that for mercy cries aloud,
As trenchant Truth its flaming sword unsheaths,
And prayer grows strong.
O God, how meaningful thy silence is!
Thy holy place
Is where the Heavenly Messenger divines
Some breast that smites itself—a prayer in signs
That moves the Throne that knoweth who are his,
Who seek his face.

The hushed petition wings the holy air,
Its speech unbound,
While prayer uplifted with the overflow
Of ornate sound falls spiritless below.
How beautiful the heights of silent prayer,
Where God is found!
—Reprinted from American Annals.

The Wisconsin School has installed an Intertype machine in its printing office. It resembles very much the Linotype in appearance and action.

Felicity, not fluency, of language is a merit.
—Whipple.

Snap-Shots from



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the Philippines



DIKI DIKI

AMBITIOUS DEAF GIRL

Mary Woolslayer, deaf twenty years of age, a junior student of the University of Utah, is considered one of the most remarkable girls at the university. She is working her own way through the university and receives not a cent except what she earns. Her father is dead and her mother too poor to assist her in the struggle for a college education. Her class records show her to be one of the strongest, most thorough and best technical "co-eds."

During the summer vacation Miss Woolslayer works in a local laundry. Her adeptness in the laundry demands an unusually large salary for a woman. During the months she is attending college, she works for her board in a private family—at present, in the family of one of the university professors. For the deficiency to answer the telephones or door-bell she makes up by excellent cooking and expertness in serving.

Miss Woolslayer is majoring in physical education, but her course is broader and covers more departments than that of any other student of the university. In domestic science she has earned the reputation of being the first in a class of nearly a hundred. In dressmaking and millinery she also leads. All her clothes she makes herself, and in millinery she finished a hat recently which was the envy of every fair "co-ed." She has many achievements which enable her to earn a living. She is trained to manicure. She is also an expert masseuse. The faculty of the university admire her more than words can express, considering her one of the most refined, best groomed and most wonderful young women.—*Condensed from Evening Telegram (Salt Lake City,) January 10.*

HONOR FOR A DEAF ARTIST

The *Journal* mentions the recognition of a deaf artist by the Chicago Art Institute. It says that the committee of this institute has decided to purchase the painting by Valentine de Zubiaurre, entitled "Uncle Tature of Segovia," for the permanent collection of the Institute.

The artist is deaf. He was born in Madrid in 1879 and studied in Madrid and Paris. He has received gold medals in Brussels, Munich and Barcelona and silver medals in Madrid and Buenos Aires.—*Hawkeye.*



PAULA

LANDS IN CACTUS BED

A party consisting of Milton W. DePuy, Herman Harper, Jack Goodwin, Walter Brunson of Deming, and Hugh M. Sutton of Fairbury, Ill. left early last Sunday morning with a buckboard for an exploration trip to the Florida mountains. Mr. Sutton was the official photographer of the party and took a large number of views. During the afternoon Jack Goodwin narrowly escaped death or serious injury. While he and DePuy were ascending one of the Tres Hermanas, Goodwin lost his footing and rolled about 40 feet down the steep mountainside, landing in a bed of cactus. On the party's return, which was at a late hour of the night, they were kept busy for some time removing stickets from Mr. Goodwin, and he said that he would have to eat his meals standing for some time.

W. A. BRADY ANNOUNCEMENTS

"Too My Cooks," the brisk and successful comedy by Frank Craven, is firmly anchored at the Thirty-ninth Street Theatre, where it will remain until well into the amusement season beginning next Autumn. Few plays in recent years have sprung into favor as early in life as Mr. Craven's piece, which even at its first try-out "on the road," drew a very large audience and, in fact, never has been played to a small one. William A. Brady remarks that "Too Many Cooks" is one of the very rare stage offerings within his long and exceptionally active career in management that seemed predestined to success. "Every once in a while, but not often," says Mr. Brady, "a play comes along which hits the public fancy even before the people have had a chance to pass upon its merits. In these infrequent instances it seems to be in the air that the particular entertainment about to be presented is just the thing to fill the bill. There is no accounting for this state of things, unless you believe in telepathy, or magnetic influence, or some other intangible process. Of course, after 'Too Many Cooks' was produced and had made its hit, it was simple enough to explain the large audiences, but what was it that drew a turn-away crowd at the premiere in a one-night town? Tell me that, and you will dispel one of the most interesting of the many mysteries in theatrical management."

"The Things That Count," at William A. Brady's Playhouse, appears to grow greater in popularity at the waning point of the season than it was in the height of Winter. Last week's audiences, taken as a total, were considerably the largest since Mr. Eyre's drama was first made known several months ago. This condition goes far to prove the long cherished theory of management that when an interesting play of high moral purpose once has engaged the public regard its stability is much more dependable than that of plays appealing to the fancy of the moment. Thus, works like "The Things That Count" and "Peg O' My Heart" retain their high place in popular esteem at a time when many productions of a sensational order have disappeared from view. Mr. Brady expects "The Things That Count" to last out the month of June at his theatre, but the present attitude of the community forms an indication that the New York run may extend considerably beyond that period.



ART-ARTISAN DISPLAY—CLASS OF IDA N. WILDE, ALABAMA SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF.

Photo by Hargett.

An Impression of Southern California

NOW that so many eyes are turned toward "the Land of Sunshine," and so many castles are building around "when we go to California," it may be of interest to read the impression of a new arrival.

We had been coming to California every winter for five years before concluding to make it our permanent home. It takes that length of time, I think, to dissipate the ennui that follows the first excitement and novelty of a new land. Our first trip, except for a long previous one, was decided upon overnight, and took place in mid-winter. We therefore appreciated the strong contrast between a country wrapped in snow and this one basking in sunshine. We had scarcely entered the state, however, before disillusionment began. This California?—no trees, no grass, no green growing thing,—just miles of dry bush, of sand, of bare brown earth, of cacti,—a scene scarcely less desolate than the desert we had just left behind. Ah! but those dark green areas,—those masses of gleaming yellow,—those enchanting pink blossoms!—what can they be? Orange trees, lemon trees, grapefruit, almonds—California at last!

From now on the country is one great orchard, but we have learned the first lesson which it has to teach. California has Climate with a big C, areas of good soil, splendid scenery, and some water;—but without water, climate, scenery and soil are as nothing.

Los Angeles gives an impression of narrow, teeming streets, of hordes of men loitering around the employment agencies, of queer Chinese shops, evil-seeming second-hand stores, and of cafeterias, hotels and rooming-houses without number. The city

stretches on and on, to the ocean twenty miles westward, to Pasadena ten miles eastward, to, shall we say Santa Barbara, on the north and San Diego on the South? And everywhere are "For Sale" and "For Rent" signs. And we learned our second lesson of the land;—that tourists are the chief source of income, and that the whole state is for sale,—at a price.

From Los Angeles we went to San Diego. It is beautifully situated on hills overlooking an almost land-locked bay. On one side are the Mexican Islands and peaks, in front is Coronado with its big hotel, and North Island with its government aviation camp; Point Loma with its fort and Theosophical community, is on the north and the Imperial Valley with its new found wealth lies more than a hundred miles to the east. The city is not so large or cosmopolitan as Los Angeles, but it has more beautiful natural advantages; and next year it is to hold an important exposition, to celebrate the opening of the Panama Canal.

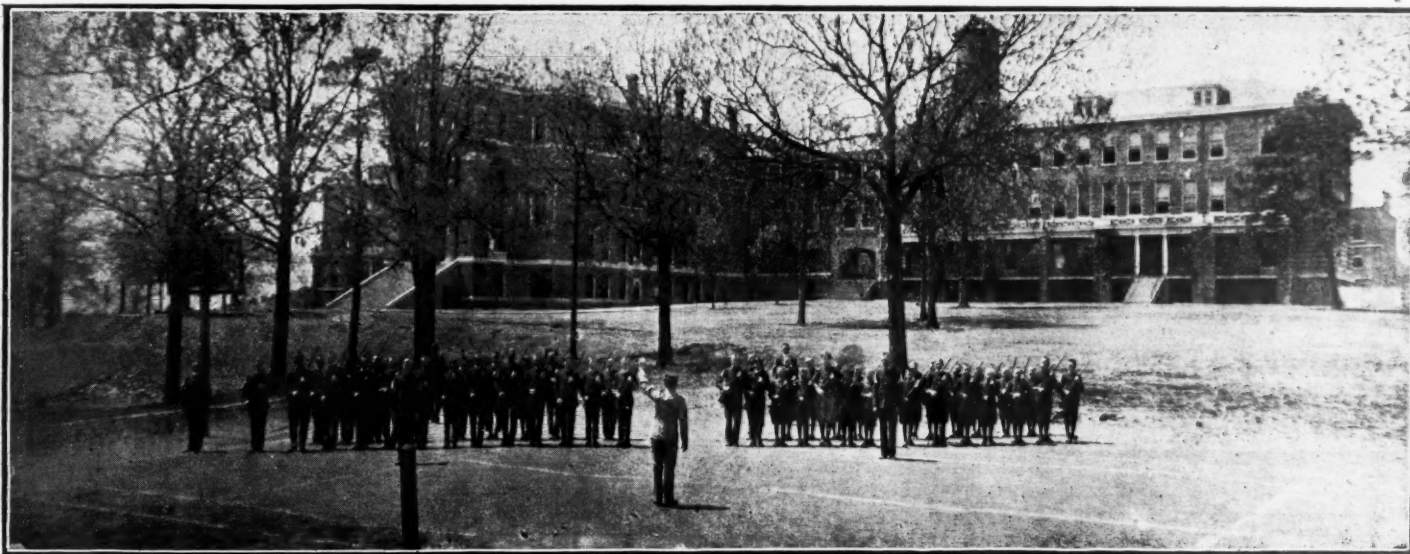
California is not a cheap place to live, and if one has thought longingly of its fruits and products, the first day's marketing will prove disconcerting. One finds everything more expensive than at home, even nuts, lemons, oranges, dates and figs. Though it is possible to buy cull oranges by the pailful from peddlers. Nevertheless, one can live happily here on less than in colder parts of the world,—the climate compensates for nearly every lack,—the climate, the atmosphere, the mountains and the sea;—the true Californian, whether native or adopted, would not exchange these for untold riches elsewhere. And when strangers ask if it is not monotonous or lonesome, one can scarcely make the negation sufficiently strong. It is not monotonous at all near

the sea, though it may be further inland. The temperature varies little, but the atmospheric effects, the play of light and shadow on land and sea, and the changing vistas of distant mountains are always delightful. And it is true that some new comers get lonesome and return east, but I think they must regret it almost immediately. Everyone seems to long again for California, once having lived here.

And now a word about the land. It is mostly for sale as I remarked before, but the prices seem to average four times as much as the same quality of land would bring elsewhere, and all this excess is paid for climate. Moreover, the newcomer has need to go very slow, because parcels of land only a few miles apart will be advertised, one at ten dollars an acre and the other at one thousand dollars an acre. The difference lying in the presence, or absence, of available water; and one also learns that there are a great many rattlesnakes, and other poisonous creatures in certain areas and that some land is not rich enough to be profitably cultivated. There do not seem to be any "farms" here, but any patch of land, be it only fifty feet, if it have a few trees or berries or chicken coops, becomes a "ranch."

Finally, although the climate is fairly uniform all up and down the coast, there is snow in the mountains in winter, and the northern part of the state seems to be very different from the southern part in vegetation. They have a great deal more rain there; and trees. But I have not been north of Santa Barbara so cannot speak of that region. Both San Francisco and San Diego are to have expositions to celebrate the opening of the Canal, and the railroads have agreed upon half fare west from the Mississippi River.

By A READER.



MILITARY TRAINING AT THE ARKANSAS SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF, AT LITTLE ROCK

READY-MADE HUMOR FOR THE DEAF

(From My Joke-Book Notes)

By LUNA MAY BEMIS

"Then frame your mind to mirth and merriment, which bars a thousand harms and lengthens life."—Robert Louis Stevenson.

The Funny-Man, rank and file, entices us into the Laughing Way by appealing to the mirth-appreciating centers way back in the brain. It comes about by every sense being satisfied. The merriment may find expression in a snicker, grin, a giggle, or any one of the more polished terms applied to the various members of the laughter family.

All deaf readers of this magazine are invited to join in a series of silent or audible smiles—according to his individual mood—in the appended procession of fun-producers.

* *

Post-Card Nonsense

"I once had a friend, a very good friend, who promised and promised to write. Yet I hear not a word, not the first blessed word,—my friend has forgotten me quite. I'll go buy a card, a forget-me-not card, and a one-penny stamp, I declare. If that does not bring remorse to my friend, my hopes will die in despair."

"Here's to the gladness of her gladness when she's glad. Here's to the sadness of her sadness when she's sad. But the gladness of her gladness, or the sadness of her sadness are not in it with her madness when she's mad."

"Whenever you lose a wager, and don't know what to do; just dress up in baby's clothing, put your thumb in your mouth and 'Googoo.'"

"The best of all the pill-box crew since ever time began, are the doctors who have the most to do with the health of a healthy man. And so I count them up again and praise them as best I can,—there's Dr. Quiet, and Dr. Diet, and Dr. Merryman."

* *

News-Paper Fun.

"The suffragettes are gloating over the discovery that the eagle on our money is a hen; which simply goes to prove that our fore-fathers well knew that the female with the specie was more deadly than the male."

"Helen Keller says that she dances the turkey trot, but her excuse must be that she cannot see how it looks."

"Boston scientists declare that the soul weighs about two ounces. That's a pretty poor showing for the Boston soul."

"Number work: If I give you ten cents and take away four what does that make? Answer, trouble."

"A skeleton is a man with nothing on but his bones."

"'Mink, you are charged with forgery,' Mink grinned; 'Yas, suh, dat's what I hear 'em say, jedge y' onner. 'Mink would not have recognized a forgery if he had seen it marching down the middle of the street with a bell hung around its neck. But his cocoanut face split open in a trustful smile. 'How about it Mink, guilty or not guilty?' 'I done it, jedge y' onner,'—with the same sweet smile of a chipper cherubin. 'Don't you know that forgery means seven years in the penitentiary?' Mink turned ashy. 'Seben years? Pentencher? Law A'—mighty, jedge y'onner, I 'lowed 'twould be 'bout a dollar a' costs!'"

* *

Classic Humor

Jog on, jog on the foot-path way,
And merrily hent the stile-a;
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a.

—Winter's Tale, Shakespeare.

* *

There was an Old Person of Ewell,

Who subsisted chiefly on gruel;

To make it more nice he inserted some mice,

Which refreshed that Old Person of Ewell.

—Edward Lear.

* *

When the green woods laugh with the voice of joy,

And the dimpling stream runs laughing by;
When the air doth laugh with our merry wit,
And the green hill laughs with the noise of it;

And the meadows laugh with lively green,
And the grasshopper laughs in the merry scene:
When Mary, and Susan, and Emily,
With their sweet round mouths sing, "Ha, ha, he!"

When the painted birds laugh in the shade,
Where our table with cherries and nuts is spread:
Come, LIVE, and be merry and join me
To sing the sweet chorus of "Ha, ha, he!"

—A Laughing Soong, William Blake.

* *

"The ship was first sitting on its tail then standing on its head. Everytime she lurched my stomach within me lurched too. At last, I was so rent, so torn, and so racked that if Death had happened a-long he would have found me willing then and there.—P. F. Dunne.

* *

"Three may keep a secret if two of them are dead."—From Poor Richard, Franklin.

* *

"When I was young I could remember anything, whether it happened or not; but I am getting old and I shall soon remember only the latter."—Mark Twain.

* *

"The child, staring with round eyes at this instance of liberality, wholly unprecedented in his large experience of cent-shops, took the man of ginger-bread and quitted the premises. No sooner had he reached the sidewalk (little cannibal that he was) than Jim Crow's head was in his mouth. As he had not been careful to shut the door, Hepzibah was at the pains of closing it after him with a pettish ejaculation about the troublesomeness of small boys. She had just placed another representative of the renowned Jim Crow at the window when again the shop-bell tinkled clamorously, and again the door being thrust open, with its characteristic jerk and jar, disclosed the same sturdy little urchin who, precisely two minutes ago, had made his exit. The crumbs and the discoloration of the cannibal feast, as yet hardly consummated, were exceedingly visible about his mouth"—Hawthorne.

"Little Jane had repeatedly done violence to the moods and tenses of the verb 'to be.' Finally, Aunt Kate decided not to answer an incorrect statement but to wait until it was corrected. One day the two sat together, Auntie with her embroidery and Jane occupied with her doll family. Presently doll society became tedious and Jane was attracted to the embroidery frame. "Aunt Kate," said she, 'please tell me what this is going to be.' But Aunt Kate was counting and did not answer. Fatal word 'be,' it was her old enemy and to it alone could the child ascribe the silence that followed.

"Aunt Kate," she persisted with an honest attempt to correct herself, 'please tell me what this is going to am.' Aunt Kate sat silently counting though her lip curled with amusement. Jane sighed, but made another patient effort.

"Will you please tell me what this is going to are?" Aunt Kate counted on, perhaps this time actuated by a wicked desire to know what would come next.

The little girl gathered her energies for one last and supreme effort and said:

"Aunt Kate, what am this going to are?"—Irving
"Well, ah me, 'tis a merry world!"

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TRAPSHOOTING FREE FROM ACCIDENTS

Despite the fact that guns and powder are necessary requisites of clay pigeon or trapshooting, the sport is singularly free from accidents, in this respect being far in advance of foot ball, base ball, golf, or even tennis.

The reason for the absence of accidents is the fact that the very first thing impressed upon the mind of a new shooter is that the careless handling of a shotgun is exceedingly dangerous both to users and those near or within 100 yards of him. The management of most trapshooting clubs provide fines for the infraction of certain rules relative to the intelligent and safe handling of shotguns. A second offense usually means expulsion from club membership.

The custom has been for each trapshooting club to make its own rules but recently a movement was started to secure the adoption of a uniform set of regulations. In this connection "Jack" S. Fanning, of New York City, one of the most prominent shooters in the country, has formulated what seems to be an ideal set of rules.

Under the caption of "Precautions and Suggestions," Mr. Fanning offers the following:

For the safety of those taking part in trapshooting as well as the onlookers the following precautions should be observed and rigidly enforced. A fine should be imposed on those violating same.

No. 1. Do not place a cartridge in your gun except when standing at the firing line in your proper place in the squad and with the muzzle of the gun pointed in the direction of the trap house.

No. 2. Place only one cartridge in your gun when shooting single targets and but two cartridges when shooting double targets.

No. 3. When changing from position No. 5 to position No. 1 at the firing line be sure to have your gun open and unloaded.

No. 4. When pointing a gun in the club house or on the shooting grounds always open the gun and inspect same before pointing.

No. 5. Do not question the referee's decision. The person shooting is the least competent to judge the result of a shot as the recoil of the gun for an instant impairs the vision.

No. 6. Avoid being late getting to your place on the firing line.

No. 7. Remain at your position at the firing line with gun empty until the last man has finished shooting.

No. 8. Do not converse with your neighbor while at the firing line nor use any expression that might disconcert others in the squad. Loud talking or other noises should not be indulged in by other contestants or spectators while a squad is shooting so they can hear same.

No. 9. Do not refuse a fair target. In competition a refused target is scored or counted "Lost." The referee will decide what is a fair or unfair target.

No. 10. Do not shoot at an imperfect target in competition. Only whole targets are to be shot at. An imperfect target is a "No bird."

No. 11. Always carry from two to four extra shells with you to the firing line so that you do not delay the shooting in case you have to shoot at other targets on account of shooting at imperfect targets, etc., etc.

By observing the above precautions there will be no unfortunate accidents or incidents to mar the pleasure of contestants and spectators.

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AT ALL TIMES

ROCK ISLAND LINES

service appeals most strongly to the prospective traveler in the West. To those who contemplate attending the conventions of the **National Fraternal Society of the Deaf at Omaha, Neb.,** and the **National Association of the Deaf at San Francisco, Cal.,** in August, 1915, the appeal is still more emphatic.

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sion that his son will practice the use of firearms if by any possible chance the opportunity is offered, for the desire is innate with every real boy. Just how to handle the matter has often proved a vexing question to parents who are enough in sympathy with their children as to see the thing from a boy's standpoint. Probably the best solution of the problem is the action of the **Columbus (Ohio) Gun Club** in organizing a shooting class for boys in which thorough instruction is given in the handling of the shotgun. Not alone the pleasure to be derived from the proper use of a gun is taught, but stern emphasis is laid on the fact that it may become an exceedingly dangerous weapon in the hands of the inexperienced or reckless. The "**Columbus idea**" promises to prove popular with trapshooting clubs throughout the country.

The men who have accomplished most have been the hardest kind of workers, toiling more laboriously than smiths and carpenters and the reason they have surpassed other men is simply that they have taken more pains than other men.

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Its course involves a thorough knowledge of subject matter, the faculties of mind and how so to present that matter as to conform to the law of mental development.

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It is a thorough academic training school preparatory to college, business or drawing-room.

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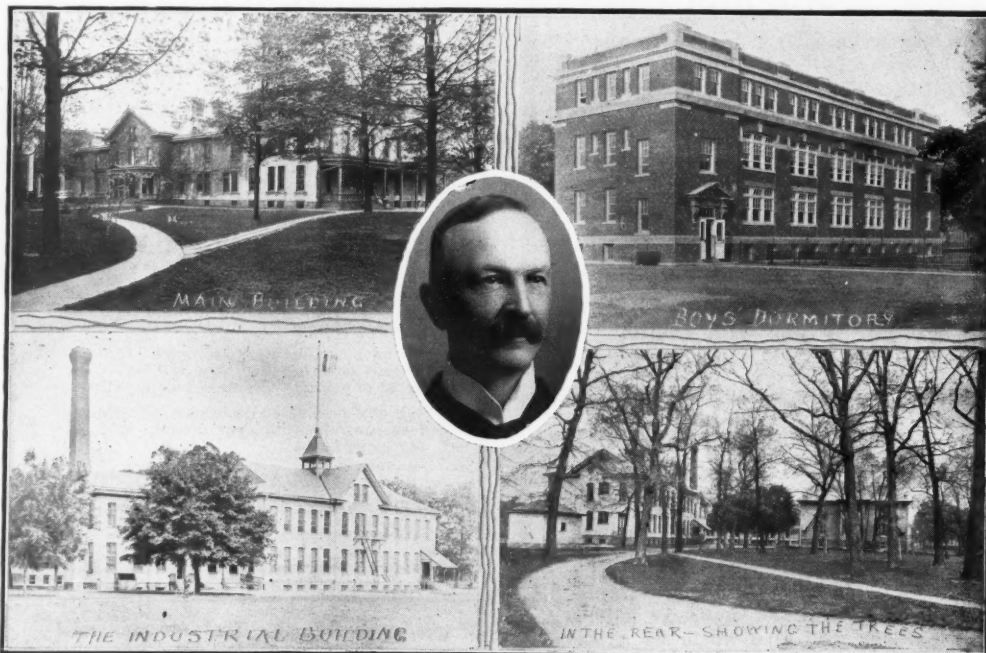
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